Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XII. EBENSURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1879. NUMBER 50.

DRY GOODS,
FANCY GOODS,
Millinery Goods,
Ladies' Coats,
CARPETS, &C.,
NOW ON EXHIBITION!
THE LARGEST STOCK
And Cheapest
In the CITY of ALTOONA!
—AT—
C. SIMON & CO.'S
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BOSTON STORE.
500 Hats and Bonnets at a sacrifice, from 50c. up.
200 LADIES' COATS.....Prices $2.50 up to the finest make.
10 doz. Ladies' Trimmed Hats, the up to latest and most stylish.
THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK IN THE STATE
10 doz. Gents' Fur Hats, Plush and Wool Shirts, 25c. and up.
10 dozen Gents' Ties and Bows.....from 10c. up.
EVERYBODY SHOULD GO TO
C. SIMON & CO'S CHEAP STORE,
1320 Eleventh Avenue,
Opposite R. R. PASSENGER DEPOT,
ALTOONA, PA.

Men's and Boys'
CLOTHING
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST,
AT CHAS. SIMON'S!

You can buy a Heavy Coat for $1
at 1307;
A Man's Wool Hat for 35c.
At Chas. Simon's;
A Man's Wool Home Made Shirt for 75c.
At 1307;
Heavy Overcoats, very cheap,
At Chas. Simon's;
Men's Hats, of the latest styles,
At 1307;
Heavy Warm Caps for Men, very cheap,
At Chas. Simon's;
Heavy Shirts and Drawers for 25c.
At 1307;
Ladies' Coats, the cheapest in the city,
At Chas. Simon's;
Blankets and Raps, all colors,
At 1307;
If you want to keep as warm and snug as a bug in a rug, buy an Overcoat
At Chas. Simon's;
Ladies' Trimmed Hats, from 90c. up,
At 1307.
Young Men, if you contemplate matrimony, remember it will be a matter of money to you to buy your wedding garments
At Chas. Simon's.
Gent's White Dress Shirts for 40c.
At 1307;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing and Fancy Goods, the largest stock and the cheapest in the city,
At Chas. Simon's.
Overalls and Working Pants you can buy for a mere song, if you are a good singer, or a bad one,
At 1307.
If you want good, reliable Clothing and other Goods cheap, call on
CHAS. SIMON, 1307 Eleventh Ave.,
Between 13th and 14th Sts.,
OPPOSITE KESSLER'S DRUG STORE, Altoona, Pa.

FARM AND TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale his valuable FARM in Carroll township, Cambria county, formerly known as the property of Christian Hite, containing 141 acres and allowance, about 100 Acres of which are cleared, under fence, and in a reasonable state of cultivation, with a never-failing spring of water near the house. The improvements consist of a Frame House and a Frame Bank Barn 60x32, a Wood Shed, and other needful buildings. The property will be sold altogether or in parts, as purchasers may desire.

Also, a HOUSE AND LOT in Carrolltown borough, opposite the St. Lawrence Hotel, now in the occupancy of Ferdinand Sier and others. Said House is a two story plank building, 55 feet front by 22 feet deep, and is in good condition. There is also a good Stable and other buildings on the premises, as well as apple and various other fruit trees.

Any reasonable offer made for either or both of the above properties will be accepted. Now is the time to buy a farm or a home in town at a great bargain.

FRANCIS A. BECK.
Carroll Twp., Nov. 22, 1878, 2m.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Theodore Baker, of Susquehanna township, has made an assignment of all his real and personal property to the undersigned for the benefit of his creditors. All persons indebted to the said Theodore Baker are therefore notified that payment must be made to the undersigned, and those having claims against the same will present them in proper shape for settlement.

JOHN LLOYD, Assignee.
Ebensburg, Dec. 20, 1878.-6t.

ANOTHER GREAT
REDUCTION IN PRICES!
AT THE EBENSBURG
Hardware & House-Furnishing Store.

OWING to the large increase in my sales since the last reduction in prices and the adoption of the cash system, I find myself able to benefit my customers by a still further reduction in the prices of all goods comprised in my large stock.

JUST THINK OF IT!

A good No. 2 Cook Stove, trimmed complete for only $20.00.
Good Roasted Coffee at 20 cts. per lb.; best do. at 22 cts. per lb. No inferior or damaged coffee sold at this store.
Good Heating Stoves as low as $4 00.
Good Teas from 30 to 80 cts. per lb.
The largest stock of Floor Oil Cloth in the county, from 1 to 2 yds. wide and from 35 to 70 cts. per yard.
Best quality English Anvils at 15 cts. per lb.
Needles at 5 cts. per paper.
Good cast steel Table Knives and Forks as low as 50 cts. per set.
Pins at 5 cts. per paper.
Best quality Blacksmith Vises at 15c. per lb.
Good Sugar Molasses at from 40 to 70 cts. per gallon.
Good Door Locks and Knobs complete, as low as 25 cts. each.
Good Cotton Thread at 4 cts. a spool.
Best quality 12 inch Mill Saw Files at 40 cts. each.
Good Rice at 8 cts. per lb.
Best quality Sole Leather at 28 to 30 cts. per lb.
Double hitted Axes at $1.05 and upward.
Largest stock of Stair Oil Cloths in the county, at 12½ cts. per yd.
4 doz. hard wood (turned head) Clothes Pins for 10 cts.
Clark's O. N. T. Machine Cotton at 5 cts. per spool.
Good long handle cast steel Shovels for 60 cts. each.
Good zinc Wash Boards for 25 cts.
Largest stock of Looking Glasses in town, very low.
Washing Soda at 4 cts. per lb.
Best quality four-tined Manure Forks at 65 cts. each.
Good Coal Shovels, 7, 10, 15 and 20 cts. each.
Pearl Starch 6 cts. per lb.
We have the largest stock of Queensware in town, at very low prices.
Best Baking Soda at 8 cts. per lb.
Diston's best quality 6% foot Cross Cut Saws, at $3.50.
I have the largest stock of Spices in town, very low.
Good Door Latches as low as 7 cts. each.
Large stock of Table and Bed Castors at low-est rates.
Good Flour at $4.35 per sack.
Largest stock of Glassware and Lamps in town, very low.
A No. 1 Furniture Varnish at $1.40 per gal.
Good Corset Steels at 6 cts. a pair.
Over 100 lengths and sizes Tire and Carriage Bolts kept in stock, very low.
Best Tobacco in the market, at 65 cts. per lb.
200 kegs Nails now in stock, $2.60 rates, selected and made of best stock from No Inferior Nails or Scrap ever kept in stock.
I have the best Cigars in town for the money.
Over 80 sizes of Window Glass kept in stock, very low prices.
Large stock of Bar Iron and Horse Shoes always on hand, at low rates.
Good Blue Gum Combs at 6 cts. each.
Large stock of Table Oil Cloths on hand, very low.
Best Linseed Oil, direct from Factory, at 70 cts. a gal.
Dupont's best F. F. F. Rifle Powder, 40 cts. p. lb.
Drop Shot at 10 cts. per lb.
Best Green Coffee at 22 cts. per lb.
Galvanized Coal Buckets as low as 50 cts. each.
Good Green Coffee at 20 cts. per lb.
Best pure White Lead at $7.10 to $7.20 per keg of 25 lbs.
Stove Pipe, made of the best iron, reduced to 8 cts. per lb.
A large assortment of Tinware on hand, very cheap.
12 papers Essence of Coffee for 25 cts.
Largest stock of Trunks and Valises in town, very cheap.
A large assortment of Wall Paper always on hand at lowest prices.
Paper Window Shades at 25 cts. per roll.
Toilet and Washing Soaps in endless variety.
Cook Stoves from 15-00 up to $35.00.
Large assortment of Hair, Clothes and Tooth Brushes.
Heating Stoves from $1.00 up to $35.00; very cheap.
Extra No. 1 Salt, $1.65 per barrel.
Revolvers, five and seven shots, the largest stock from $1.50 up to $10.00.
Best Carbon Oil at 16 cts. per gal.

The above are only a few of the thousands of articles in the hardware and house-furnishing line which I am furnishing at equally low prices. I don't advertise to sell at 20 per cent. cheaper, or indeed any cheaper, than other men do, as I think it better to let the public judge that for themselves; but I do advertise to sell goods as low as they can be sold and put on the lowest cents on the dollar. Neither will I throw out a good staple article of goods over the counter at first cost, or even less, and then charge two or three profits on something else to make up for the loss. Yet I will be pleased to sell goods at the lowest living profit, and I promise this because I know that I can furnish goods at prices that will be beneficial to both seller and buyer and not at prices which would benefit one and rob the other

☞ For the thanking you all for the liberal patronage heretofore conferred upon me, and hoping for a continuance and increase of the same, I remain

Respectfully yours,
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, Nov. 29, 1878.

DR. C. W. GLEASON'S
RESTORATIVE REMEDIES!

DR. GLEASON'S LUNG RESTORATIVE Is a POSITIVE CURE for Coughs, Colds and early stages of Consumption. Take it in time. Sample bottles, 25 Cents.

DR. GLEASON'S LIVER RESTORATIVE Is a SURE CURE for Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Indigestion, &c., &c. Test it. Sample bottles, 25 Cents.

DR. GLEASON'S STOMACH RESTORATIVE CURES DYSPEPSIA.

DR. GLEASON'S GOLDEN ELIXIR, OR UNIVERSAL TONIC, an invaluable and invigorating Tonic for the Cure of DEBILITY and DISEASES Down to Constitution.

DR. GLEASON'S SALINE APERIENT acts on the Kidneys and cleanses the system of all morbid matter. Invaluable medicine.

DR. GLEASON'S LAXATIVE WAFERS, highly Aromatic, Cures HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, Piles, &c. Sample box, 25 Cents.

☞ *For Sale by all Druggists.*

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.
August 2, 1878.-6m.e.o.w.

DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the mercantile business having this day been dissolved by mutual consent, all persons indebted to said firm as well as to the estate of P. H. Shields, dec'd, will find it to their advantage to call and settle on or before the 1st day of February next, as all accounts then remaining unpaid will certainly be placed in the hands of an officer for collection. Meantime and until everything in the store is disposed of, all kind of goods will be sold at actual cost in order to close out business. Now is the time therefore to secure such bargains as no other dealer can afford to give.

J. P. SHIELDS,
R. T. SHIELDS.
Loretto, Jan. 1, 1879.-3t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Rev. JOHN HACKETT, dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Rev. Jno. Hackett, late of Summitville borough, Cambria county, deceased, having been issued to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

THOMAS DAVIN, Executor.
Summitville, Dec. 6, 1878.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of J. A. MOORE, dec'd

Letters of administration on the estate of J. A. Moore, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased, having been issued to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, Administrator.
Ebensburg, Dec. 20, 1878.-6t.

SNATCHED FROM NIAGARA.

"Yes, stranger, it is a mighty fine fall. I guess Niagara beats creation for bigness. You curiosity-hunters can't find a dip of water better worth eyeing over in all your jaunts any where. Well, you see, it's just an ocean, as it were, rolling over that limestone ledge. Foam, spray and thunder—one dull, eternal, awful roar, spanned by shifting rainbows—that's it.

"I hate it, but I calculate the sight's new to you. You think that Nature's got it fine up for you to stroll down to, after breakfast at Forsyth's.

"It's like an entertainment provided for those who house at our hotels; something to draw customers and trot up a jolly return for the capital invested. That's it, isn't it? It gives you a pleasure to talk about and pay for, and brings dollars to those that let you lodgings. Come, it is up to your notions, is it not, stranger?"

The dollar-giving uses of this sublime cataract had not, I must own, occurred to me. I looked with some natural wonder at the speaker who took this view of perhaps the most marvelous scene that this world of ours has to show. Indeed, with its deep, dread roar throbbing through my very brain and blood, I heard the suggestion with no little disgust. The spray clouds ever streaming up from the abyss, which received the plunging sea, the overflow of the vast American lakes, failed altogether in my mind in associate themselves with cash calculations. The twenty miles of river rolling the drainage of a continent to its giant leap did not bring with their mighty mass of doomed waters ideas of profit that better suited a New York counting-house than the shuddering surface of Table Rock.

My manner, as I dare say, smacked of surprise and candor, but my American friend took it with that self possessed coolness which showed him to be quite careless of my estimate of his want of what our fine old sculptor Nolleeans used to call "centsymusky."

"Can't you see something beyond dollars and cents in this wonder of wonders?" I said. "I know familiarity breeds contempt toward most things, but I rather expected to find Niagara beyond this customary result."

"Well, to say the plain truth, Britisher, I don't go in for outlandish howlings about this roarer; but when you talk of my fancies about old thunder are something particularly different to that. Shall I tell you why? Are you in a listening fit? Yes? Then for once I'll let out a story I have in my memory, and no living man, native or foreign, has anything to pair off with it as respects this tumbler below us." So with the dread music in my ears of this mighty mass of flashing down waters, I listened to a tale that has ever since formed part of my recollections of Niagara.

"Why do I get savage at travelers' spoony raptures about this awfulest work that the power of God Almighty has turned out? This is why: They are so much Brummagem tinsel—not got up well. You come here not just to feel as this would naturally make any creature feel, but to froth and fuss about what you do feel and what you don't. That riles me. I like to sneer down such bosh. This thing was not made to be talked at. It wasn't made to be raved over. It's too darned real, too horribly grand for that. You're a quiet one—not one of the mouthing sort, I see; my dander isn't riz by you. You're genuine, you are. I saw that; that's why I mean to give you a real scare with this tale of mine. If your wool doesn't straighten before I've done you're a cooler card than I gave you credit for being.

"I'm toughish still, you see. Oldish rather, for sixty odd years I've lived hereabouts, for here I was born. I know this place pretty well, I guess: every foot of every rock, of every track for long miles away—up to Erie and down to Ontario. Field and forest know my shoe leather well through these parts.

"When I was thirty, or thereabouts, I hutted up this river some four miles or so away. You've tracked it down may be to here. You'd hardly think we were coming upon this. The country up river is flattish. The river slides along quiet enough, too. No crags, no precipices, no darksome forests; all is fertile and good to the eye of man—just peace and plenty. It is different, though, as the sound of the thunder ahead grows upon you, dull, awful, everlasting, that has sounded on from creation, and will outlast you and me, stranger, and thousands of generations yet to come.

"Where I lived was, as I said, but a few miles above this. Further down the calm flow of the river swirls into ripples, and whirls and grows scared like of what's before it. Then it exercises itself for the hell it is to pass through. It tastes purgatory. It's all foam and dash, and splutter and growl, through the frothy rapids that roughen it for awhile. Then it settles for steady work. It braces itself for endurance, and then pluckily smooths itself to face its fate.

"How grand that calm deep flood is that pours along without stay or hurry, that you can see, to its awful plunge! But, stranger, smooth and peaceable as it looks, it's deep enough and strong enough to astonish weak nerves, or iron ones, as I know well, and you'll know before I've done if my tongue does its duty.

"Just look across the fall. You see it best from the British side. Run your eye round the great horseshoe near you. That curve is some two thousand feet broad, and some hundred and fifty feet deep. Then there's Goat Island, snug in the midst of the mighty plunge. Can you see a small flat speck of rock not so many yards off its shores? No? I know it as you'll hear. Our American fall beyond knuckles under a little to this nearer to us. But it's a mighty respectable water-shed, too.—Twelve hundred feet in breadth, a hundred and fifty feet high. Your know-alls guess that every passing minute some seven hundred thousand tons of good, fresh river roll over that rock into spray and foam in the dim gulf below.

"As a boy I used to see beauty as well as wonder in all this. Where it's not hid white with foam see what a clear sea green the flood is as it shoots over. You can measure the force of the rush of waters, for the curve of the shining sheet is fifty feet from the wall of rock it slopes down.

"How does it strike you? You see it, I dare say, as I saw it two score years ago. To you it is terrible, but not all terror. It's lovely too. And to me? well, to me it is horror only; it has been so since that day when I hung on its very brink for hours, and thought of it as one might think in a nightmare dream of some hideous thing, inconceivable, unterable, that held one in its awful grasp. But mine was no vision of the night to laugh at when awakened. Those hours grizzled the then brown of my young head into the iron-gray you see it now. It has lived there ever since, night and day, season and season. There it will stay till the death rattle calls the memory of all this side of my coffin.

"I hunted and fished then. That's how I lived. Visitors then came pretty plentiful to see this wonder. I could get a ready sale for what I caught, whether it was fur or fin. I had caused it from when I could recollect any thing, and was pretty spry, I tell you, with the paddles, and pretty venturesome, too, I became, till I thought I was strong enough and skilled enough to run risks hereabouts that others would have shuddered from.

"I thought I knew Niagara too well to be in any danger from it. I was so familiar with it, I thought of it with none the care new comers found in it. I used to laugh at their genuine fears at the very sight and sound of it. I knew it by night when the calm moonlight poured down right through the silvered spray clouds that hung over it; by day, when the glad sun danced rainbows above its flashing floods. Then it was too old a friend of mine to be dreaded by me.

"One day changed all this, and I knew it for the hungry monster that it is—pitiless, craving for its human prey.

"It was one Wednesday in August. The hotels were full. Fish was in request, as much as I could bring. Price didn't matter. Pleasure-seekers bleed freely. I was paid well for what could be charged for as they liked. I had found that the nearer the rapids I got the finer seemed what I caught, and the more freely the bait was taken. I had so often gone where most were too timid to venture that I had come to believe I could skim anywhere.

"Even now I think, had my paddle been sound, I should have come off safe.

"Well, that morning I was out at sunrise, and pretty successful I was. I steadied my course, letting the canoe drift little by little toward the rapids that frothed and raved some miles below. I felt at any moment I could shoot it out of the strength of the current into the smoother waters by the shore.

"I got fully employed with my lines, for as I glided down stream, my take was rapid and that of the finest. So eager was I that I failed to pay that attention to the drift of my canoe which was so needful.

"It was with a start at last I felt I was far too much in the full deep current of the river, and that its strength would need my utmost efforts to escape from its grasp. For the first time I felt real dread, for the boiling and hiss of the seething waters could almost be heard below me. I plied the paddles strongly, and for a while I had hopes of safety, though I had never known the need of the exertions I was now using to draw myself out of the mighty force of the flood that sped onward to its fearful fall.

"Inch by inch I fought my way upstream and toward the shore where I was to sell my morning's takings. Every inch was won by a strain that made the perspiration start from every pore. It was for life I fought, for dear life. It was death that I pulled against—and such a death! for it was as if a curtain was suddenly withdrawn to show me all the danger I had so long been running unconsciously. It flashed into my thoughts how I had played in the very jaws of destruction that now seemed to hunger for me.

"As I toiled frantically against the rushing waters, they were living things whose clutch sought to drag me with them to share their awful doom. I had grown so used to the roar of the cataract (as I now recollected, so near!) that my thoughts had ceased to be cognizant of it; now it almost stunned me.

"I talk stagily, don't I? I tell you, stranger, if you want to wake up your fancy really well, just try an hour's pull against Niagara, with the feeling that perhaps fate is against you. You'll be far from cool and commonplace in thought or speech, if you think or utter any thing.

"Minutes that had seemed hours had passed, and still I was struggling frantically, streaming with my frenzied exertions. I had won some way. I had edged some distance from the central rush of the river, and safety would be found in the shower waters that skirted the bank, could I but reach them.

"I bent still more madly to the effort.—In a moment I had lost my hold on existence and was rushing, helpless and hopeless, to the dreadful fate I had been fighting against. One of my paddles, overstrained, had broken, and, at the mercy of the mighty flood, I was speeding every minute more swiftly to what I knew so well—what I saw as plainly with my mind's eye as I had thousands of times seen it with my living sight.

"How I saw all we are looking down on here! Not a sight, not a sound, we are seeing and hearing, but was in that moment heard and seen by me more vividly than now. I was literally bewildered with the roar I now hear so calmly.

"I shrieked aloud in my agony as I clasped my useless hands over my sight, vainly, to shut out the smooth slide of the inland sea, as I saw it flashing back the morning sun as it leapt into the misty gulf into whose thunder it shot.

"A few moments bore me down to the rapids. A few minutes, and I was through them—safely. How I escaped wreck among them puzzles me. I was too paralyzed with horror to use my own paddle, or in any way steer my light craft through the foaming currents on which it tossed.—Its lightness must have saved it. Had it been a heavier built boat it would have been dashed to shreds a score of times before we reached smooth water. As it was, it danced along, frolicking, as it seemed to me, with a ghastly defiance of the destiny to which it so surely hurried.

"Out of the hissing! out of the frothing foam! We were on the calm, majestic mass of water—the sea tide, you might surely call it, that was to hurl itself and me to atoms.

"How oddly the mind acts in such moments of horror! Would you believe it? a tradition of Niagara actually occurred to me as I flashed along. It was an Indian legend. I remembered how an Indian squaw, long the favorite of a famous chief, found a young maiden was to supplant her in her wigwam. I recollect—I swear I saw it plainly as if imagination and reality were one—she bore the best loved child she had borne to its father from her forest home till she reached a canoe. Then she paddled herself and her boy into the full stream and cast the paddles from her, and with a heavy heart, nerved by hate and revenge and misery unendurable, stood up chanting her death song that recounted her wrong and her misery, and welcomed her coming escape from it, till they shot into eternity amid the hell of waters below.

"Even while this was for an instant flashing through my bewildered brain I was entering the very heart of the thunder of the fall. Moments only separated me from my release from agony. But the Indian stoicism was foreign to me; I could not have yelled aloud in the terror that possessed me.

"I dared not await seated the awful last moment that was so near. I faced my fate; I turned; I stood up. I looked straight ahead to where the curving waters were to launch me to peace eternal.

"The flood had scarcely a ripple on its surface.

"Was it real? Within a few yards of the awful brink the canoe had shot by a flat speck of rock that off the shores of Goat Island lay stirless on the very edge of the abyss.

"With a hardly conscious effort in passing I had sprung to its slippery surface.—That moment had saved me from instant annihilation. The canoe was gone. I was standing as yet, alive, while, almost washing my very feet, the sea of waters hurried on—on—on either side of me, and disappeared.

"I gasped a cry of blessing for deliverance. Deliverance? Was it deliverance? For how long? I yet breathed, but who would, who could, save me from the rushing flood that tore past me, from the thundering cataract, that fell almost within reach of my touch?

"Oh, heaven! What had I saved life for? For a prolonging agony? For such misery as must end in starvation, madness, suicide? Could my mind long bear the strain now upon it? How could it?

"Let your eye skirt the rounding edge of this nearest fall. You can see the very rock I was on. It looks but yards from the larger space of Goat Island, but those yards were as bad as miles. They were an impassable gulf between me and the stretch of rock that seems so near.

"What were my chances of escape? Dared I hope there were any? I was almost too wild with terror to think at all.—Yet the brain seemed fevered with life in such moments.

"Should I be starved? Should I slide into the rushing tide from cold and exhaustion? Would sheer, unbearable terror fling me to death from my utter inability to endure the horror that possessed me?

"What could be done for me? Was rescue possible? Could a boat be floated in any way down to me? Even if it could be guided to so small a point, could I dare to trust myself to it?

"Would any rope be strong enough to bear the force that the mighty flood would require it to endure and overcome?

"An instant's relaxation of the strain on the rope that might hold it till it towed it to shore, and I, if not it, would be where my own canoe had gone.

"Would human strength, could human endeavor, snatch me from the doom that had so nearly already ingulfed me?

"All these thoughts were in my brain in that instant, even while the very power to think seemed frozen in me.

"How could I dare to see? I shrieked to be senseless. Oh, for madness, if madness would rid me of the terror in my brain, in my very blood, that was, as it seemed, my life that so possessed me, that existence had room for nothing but unutterable horror!

"I looked to this very rock on which we stand. Here, on this spot, I saw a throng of excited spectators. I was seen; and who could see a human being in such peril and not faintly share the terror that I felt?

"I could hear the calls of men to me to have been. I could catch cries to me that I should be saved. I could see women wild with pity. Ah, what could their pity do for me? Yet that, perhaps, was the saving of my life. Anything—anything to make me forget the ever-rushing waters that unceasingly flashed by my feet and disappeared.

"Men were crowding the river bank.—They were consulting, I could see, excitedly, debating what should be done.

"There is a rush of some from the crowd. Time passes ages to me, in my agony. At last a boat comes, borne on the shoulders of boatmen at a run. They lay it at the water's edge. Delay! delay! Oh, God! Oh, God! There is a rush of others with a coil of cable, not rope; rope they knew would be murder.

"I see them boring the boat's sides—passing the cable through—knotting it—mailing it securely.

"The boat is towed along the still side water far up stream. The crowd follow it. What will they do? God! what will they do? What sane being will venture his life to save mine? Delay! delay! They have stopped. Talk! chatter! will they never act? Oh, dear God, help him—bless him! A canoe puts out from shore, with the boat in tow. The canoe, as well as the boat, has a cable secured to it, by which those on the bank regulate its drift down stream. How strongly it struggles up and out into the full flood! Both cables are secured round trees and paid out by numbers.

"Fighting up and across the tide, drifted down it as the cables slack their length I watch—with what lingering eyes! The canoe steals inch by inch to where it and the boat it holds are in a line with my feet. The set of some current drifted me to the rock I stand on. The boat is detached, straining on the cable, guided, too, by a rope from the nearly stationary canoe.—The current sets it toward me. It is brought up by the strain of cable ashore. Still it drifts nearer and nearer.

"There are moments in life that swallow up all the rest of existence in our memories. They haunt us awake. We dream them always. If I should be a Methuselah with centuries of breath it seems to me one thought would always absorb all others, as Aaron's snake devoured Pharoah's magicians' serpents.

"I remember nothing more but that I awoke out of a dream of hell in bed at Forsyth's. I was told I had been in a death agony with a brain fever. What mattered that? I was out of the torment of the damned. I felt the blessedness of peace, of safety, of life wrung from death.

"They dared not tell me it it was real—that all I am now telling you had been awful reality—that I had dared as the boat drifted abreast of me to risk a leap into it—that, on the very edge and utter brink of perdition, the strength of scores ashore had overpowered the rushing flood—that amid the shouts and tears and sobs, not of women only, but of bearded, iron nerved men, I had been lifted senseless from the boat and borne to enjoy brain fever safely in the hotel yonder.

"Do you think I have told you a lie or a believing truth—the bare fact? I know it is plain truth, and yet I only half credit it myself. Well, stranger, dream or truth, I never forget it; it's part of me always.

"God save any one from ever trying, in fact or fancy, such an experiment as mine!

"Now you know why I don't see any thing of beauty in Niagara. I leave that to be discovered by those who never came so near to being a real part of it as I did."

COLD SNAPS.

SOME ACCOUNT OF SEVERE WINTERS IN EUROPE—INTERESTING DATA OF FIFTEEN CENTURIES.

What passes in England and Continental Europe for "a severe winter" would be regarded in the Northern States and Canada as a comparatively mild and open season. "Forty six degrees of frost," as the London papers shiveringly put it when recalling the hard winter of 1860, lose much of their importance when translated into our equivalent of fourteen below zero," and since the invention of the thermometer it is doubtful if the mercury has gone down in England below 20 degrees. Memorable severe winters there have been in Europe, not a few of which have had their importance as well as their interest in history. In 401 the Black Sea is said to have been frozen over for twenty days, and between October, 763, and February, 764, such a frost prevailed at Constantinople that the seas are spoken of as frozen for a hundred miles from shore.

It is certain that two centuries before, in 559, Zabergan, King of the Huns, crossed the Danube on the ice, and routing the troops of Justinian Spread over Thrace to the very walls of Constantinople, this being the first incursion of the Bulgarians who are now to choose a prince and regain their autonomy. In 1222 ice covered the Hellespont. In 1294 the Cattegat was frozen over; in 1323 the Baltic was passable to travelers for six weeks; again in 1402 it was frozen from Pomerania to Denmark, and twenty-four winters later its surface would bear a rider from Lubeck to the shore of Prussia. In 1460 horsemen rode from Denmark to Sweden, and in 1548 sledges drawn by oxen traveled on the sea from Rostock to Denmark. In 1658 Charles X, with his army—horse and foot—and his artillery trains and baggage, crossed the Little Belt from Holstein to Denmark, to lay seige to Copenhagen.

The German chronicles contain as many records of severe seasons. In 1433 the large fowls of the air sought shelter in the towns of Germany; in 1468 and again in 1544 wine merchants in Flanders cut their wines—champagne frappe with a vengeance, only champagne was still a thing corked up and wired in the bottle of the future—with hatchets and sold them in lumps. In 1565 the lazy Scheldt was frozen so hard that it sustained the weight of loaded wagons; again, in 1594, it and the Rhine were frozen over. In the great cold of 1622 the Zuyder Zee was ice bound, and in 1661 the winter brought the wolves into the streets of Vienna, where they attacked horses, and even men.

The cold seasons of modern England have been most carefully noted, with an abundance of interesting details. On mid summer day, 1635, it is said the frosts destroyed all the fruits of the earth; in 1076-7—after the period of forty one years that the writer in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* has been figuring out—there were dreadful frosts from November to April, and in 1407 all the small birds perished. The Thames was frozen from London bridge to Gravesend from November 24, 1434, till February 10, 1435, and in 1515—after the long cycle of eighty years had been fulfilled—it was again crossed by vehicles between Lambeth and Westminster. In 1564 and 1607 the river was the scene of boofires and diversions, elaborately described on later occasions by writers whose passages are as familiar to English readers of this day as the stories of the great plague and great fire. Some Shakespearean commentators think that they have found in this unwonted sight of fire upon ice the source of the inspiration of some of the Bard of Avon's images, and would use this as evidence to settle the date of the composition of a play.

The winter of 1683-4 was terribly cold. "The forest trees and even the oaks split by the frost; most of the hollies were killed; the Thames was covered with ice eleven inches thick, and nearly all the birds perished." "The frost," according to a citizen's diary, "began in the beginning of December. The people kept trades on the Thames as in a fair till February 4, 1684. About forty coaches daily plied on the Thames as on dry land. Bought this book at a shop upon the ice in the middle of the Thames." In the winter of 1709 there was a three months' frost with heavy snow, and in 1716's fair was held on the Thames and oxen were roasted whole upon the ice. "Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from other stairs to and fro as in the streets, so that it seemed to me a Bacchanalian triumph, or carnival on the water, while it was a severe judgment on the land."

Again, in the famous "hard winter" of 1740, there was another frost fair on the Thames, which lasted for nine weeks, during which period coaches plied regularly on the frozen surface and the usual amusements, were enjoyed. It was in this winter that the famous ice palace, with all its furniture of nature's crystal, was built on the ice at St. Petersburg. In 1766 there was a season of intense cold, lasting from Christmas day to the 22d of January, and ten years later Gilbert White, of Selborne, recorded the only severe winter that he seems to have encountered in his thirty eight years residence. January 7, "the snow was driving all the day," and on the 12th "a prodigious mass overwhelmed all the works of men, drifting over the tops of the gates and filling the hollow lanes." The company at Bath that wanted to attend the Queen's birthday were strangely incommoded." The cold was so penetrating that it occasioned ice in warm chambers, and in the day the wind was so keen that persons of robust constitutions could scarcely endure to face it. "Famed by the season, skylarks settled in the streets of towns because they saw the ground was bare." "The thrushes and blackbirds were mostly destroyed, and the partridges were so thinned that few remained to breed the following year." Four of Gilbert White's own parishioners suffered from frost bite, and, he adds, "the frost killed all the firs and most of the ivy, and in many places stripped the hollies of all the leaves."

From this minute description of a severe winter in a country parish in England, the rural reader can infer that an exceptional winter there does not differ materially from an average winter in our Northern States. In 1789 a cold wave swept all over Europe; and from November to January people crossed the Thames at the custom house on the ice. Again, from Christmas eve, 1794, to February 14, 1795, England experienced a season of intense cold, only intermitted for one day, January 23. December, 1796, was also remarkably cold; on Christmas day the thermometer in London marked 16 degrees below zero, the greatest cold registered up to that time. On the 13th of January, 1810, the quicksilver was frozen solid at Moscow. The winter of 1812, during which Napoleon's army struggled home from Russia, leaving 450,000 dead men to mark the track it had taken, was a very cold one.

"This is pleasanter than Moscow," said the emperor, rubbing his hands over a fire in the palace he had regained after passing across Europe; the soldiers he had left behind were literally frozen stiff in circles and scores as they lay or sat around their bivouac fires. In 1814 England endured a winter of exceptional severity. A writer in a London paper wrote a few days ago that he that winter walked on the Thames from Horseferry road to London bridge and back. The portrieve of Tavistock set out to walk the oath of office at the Quarter Sessions, thirty-two miles away, and as the "Annual Register" records, was stopped by snow and ice after proceeding twenty-one miles, and imprisoned in a little hamlet for twenty-six days without communication from the outer world. Soldiers marching from town to town were frozen to death on the road. The snow drifted in the streets to such a height that all the shops were closed; by the middle of January London Bridge was blocked, but that made no difference, for the Thames was completely frozen over a few days later, when a frost fair was opened on the river and a bullock roasted whole. For many days there were no mails, though the post office put forth all its powers to compel overseers and parochial authorities to clear the highways, and sent agents down into the country to dig roads, along which tolled mail coaches drawn by ten horses. No coal could get to London, and when the householders' supply of fuel gave out there was nothing for him but to shiver and wait. It was difficult even to reach the butcher's shop, where there were neither fowls nor vegetables to be had. The children had to be kept warm and amused within doors, where all day long the lamps were lit, for the snowdrifts shrouded the panes. The waterpipes were all frozen and people had to melt snow in pails within the fenders. The Solway was frozen over for the first time within the memory of living men, and the crews of coasters and flshing boats starved and perished of cold at sea, being unable from the accumulations of ice to make port. In the Scandinavian peninsulas the winter of 1849 was a most severe one in various parts of Norway on the 2d of January the mercury froze and persons exposed to the atmosphere lost their "breath." Five years and a day later the thermometer in London registered 8 degrees; the railroads and rivers were blocked, coal rose to an enormous price and the metropolis was threatened with darkness from the inability of the gas companies to procure a fresh supply.

The next winter, when the allied forces were shivering in the Crimea, was to the full as severe. On the 29th of January, 1855, the lakes were frozen over; on the 22nd of February fires were made on the Serpentine in Hyde Park, and in the fens in Lincolnshire was established a traffic on the ice thirty-five miles long. The spring was late, and there was cold weather till the 26th of June. In 1860 England experienced probably her coldest weather. From the 23d to the 30th of December the cold was intense. At Torquay the mercury went down to twenty degrees below zero. In Hyde Park it was at 17 degrees, and a letter to the *Times* recorded that a horse had been seen "with icicles at his nose three inches in length and as thick as three fingers," a sight by no means uncommon in Lower Canada. The Thames was partially frozen in its tidal reaches, and from Teddington Lock to its most remote sources was covered with ice from six to ten or even twelve inches in thickness. Skating parties were arranged for journeys from Oxford to London and back, and the year in question will always be remembered among skaters as the one in which round heeled irons finally superseded all others. On the 9th of January, 1861, there were bonfires and grand displays of fireworks on the ice in St. James' and the other parks. January, 1867, was another cold month, snow and ice practically suspending traffic at London for several days, though people offered cabmen fares of fifteen and twenty shillings a mile. It was on the 15th that the ice in Regent's Park gave way beneath some five hundred skaters, of whom forty-one were drowned. Still another cold season was the winter of 1870-71, during which the poor people of Paris and the ill-equipped Republican levies of Gambetta suffered so severely.

DUELS AND DUELING IN FRANCE.—During the first French Revolution, in 1793, dueling was very common. Mirabeau and Camille Desmoulins both went out and met their foes. The eloquent Barnave had two duels. Danton was challenged by the Duke D'Artois, but declined. Two days after another Royalist asked him if he would rather be kicked than shot like a dog, to which Danton replied as he was the challenged party, he would choose the guillotine, which retort he made good by causing the Royalist to be beheaded in a few days. Under the second empire there were many duels. The newspaper men had their full share. One editor was challenged for having stated that the sub lieutenants in the army devoured too many refreshments at social parties; the whole set challenged him. The editor selected one and "pinked" him; his second flew at the editor and wounded him seriously; and, as the journalist lay on his bed, the whole army of Republican editors called on him, and formed a committee of combatants to fight for him.

This was as late as 1858, and two years after, in 1860, the Duc d'Aumale challenged the cousin of Louis Napoleon, Prince "Plon Plon." He consulted the Emperor, and Eugenie was so incensed that she exclaimed, "The gentlemen who wants to fight never asks questions or takes advice," and Louis Napoleon added, wit more keen than cousinly, a few days after. "If ever a bullet is found in my cousin's stomach he will have swallowed it.

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EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - JAN. 10, 1879.

MORTON M'MICHAEL died in Philadelphia on Monday last, in the 71st year of his age. He was the able and well known editor of the *North American* newspaper of that city, with which he had been identified for over thirty years. At one time he was Sheriff of the county, and at a subsequent period, Mayor of the city.

CALEB CUSHING died at Newburyport, Massachusetts, on the first day of the month, in the 79th year of his age. He was a prominent man before the country for a long time, and filled various high and responsible positions, the last one being that of Minister to Spain. He was a very able lawyer, a thoroughly educated man, and an accomplished diplomatist.

WE were not aware until the meeting of the Legislature on Tuesday last, that John Brooks had been re elected to the lower house from the county of Cameron. We rejoice that such is the fact. Our readers will remember Brooks from his brilliant speech in favor of Local Option at the last session, which was subsequently published in the FREEMAN. It was a remarkable effort, and attracted wider attention than any other speech of the session. As an orator in his own peculiar style, Brooks is unequaled and unapproachable, and as the work of the House progresses, we confidently expect some rich and rare manifestations of his oratorical powers.

THE Legislative machine ran smoothly, and without flaw or break on Tuesday last. The lamented absence of Robert W. Mackey, who on former similar occasions was always at his post, caused the next best man, M. S. Quay, to come up from Philadelphia, and see that the decrees of the Cameron ring, previously agreed upon, would be promptly registered by its obedient slaves in the two houses. Accordingly Henry M. Long, of Pittsburgh, was elected Speaker of the House, and A. J. Herr, of Harrisburg, President *protem* of the Senate. The Democrats in the House voted for D. L. Sherwood, of Northumberland, for Speaker, and in the Senate for Daniel Eimentrout, of Berks, for President *protem* of the Senate. In the House, Rev. M. P. Doyle, of Huntingdon, received eleven out of the sixteen Greenback votes for Speaker. The Governor's message was delivered on Wednesday. The clerk of the Senate, Cochran, of Lancaster, has appointed the notorious and infamous John C. Delaney, of Mollie Maguire fame, to the position of Senate Librarian.

LAST Wednesday, the 8th instant, was the sixty fourth anniversary of General Jackson's signal and decisive victory over the British army under Packenham at New Orleans. The event used to be celebrated throughout the country with great spirit and unbounded enthusiasm, but the day comes and passes away now without attracting any special notice. The memory, however, of its hero, "Old Hickory," is treasured up in the hearts of the American people, and will continue to be honored and respected as long as the Republic endures. In referring to the victory, some newspapers speak of Jackson as having defeated the conquerors of Napoleon at Waterloo. But this is against the truth of history, as the battle of Waterloo was not fought until more than five months *after* the defeat of the British at New Orleans on the 8th of January, 1815. It is true, however, that the soldiers who composed Packenham's army had fought in previous years against the French in Spain, commanded by some of Napoleon's most distinguished Marshal's and had on several occasions defeated them. If any of the men who fought under Packenham at the battle of New Orleans were at Waterloo, they were sent to join the army in Belgium, after they had returned to England from this country, which was very probably the case.

IF popular sentiment in this State ever approached unanimity on any public question, it may be said to have reached that stage, or condition, in reference to the Board of Pardons, a creation of the new Constitution, but which has utterly failed to meet the laudable purposes for which it was established. It has practically assumed the functions of a high criminal tribunal, before which men who have been convicted of crime are reheid, as an appeal from the judgment of an Alderman, or Justice of the Peace would be by a civil court. The consequence is that there is an almost universal demand for its speedy abolition. The framers of the constitution were fully aware of the rank abuses of the pardoning power when it was exercised solely by the Governor, but in their endeavor to correct the evil they not only signally failed, but added to its aggravation. The very first thing which is now thought of by a defendant in an indictment, after he has been fairly tried and convicted, is to get his attorney to prepare a petition for him, to procure it to be numerously signed, which is the easiest thing in the world to do, and then to present it to the Board for the exercise of its clemency. This is particularly so if the case was sharply and vigorously contested in the Court before which it was tried. The number of applications for pardon, which at first were few, embracing convictions for the higher grades of crime, has fearfully increased, and at its session in December, it was confronted by over *eighty* appeals to its mercy, to about one third of which it lent a willing ear.—That the prerogative of mercy ought to be vested somewhere, will generally be accepted as the correct doctrine, and the important and difficult question to determine is, who ought to exercise it? It is a subject worthy of the most serious and patient consideration, in view of its effect upon public morals, and the man who may be able to point the way of escape from the present unsatisfactory condition of affairs in this behalf, will be regarded as a public benefactor.

ROBERT W. MACKEY died at his residence in Philadelphia, on the first day of the new year, in the 42d year of his age. He was a native of Pittsburgh, and until his election in 1869 by a Republican Legislature to the office of State Treasurer, was not known as a politician outside of Allegheny county. His election as Treasurer was a surprise to leading Republicans throughout the State, and was attributed at the time to the two Camerons, father and son, which, if true, was a notably wise exercise of their power, for they are to-day the political debtors of Robert W. Mackey to an extent which, had he lived, they could never repay. He was a remarkable man, and the first effort he made to control the State Legislature just after his election, but before he had entered upon the duties of his office, although unwise in its purpose, marked him as a man of unusual boldness and daring. He was by far the shrewdest and ablest Republican leader in the State, and wielded an influence over his party, which has never been possessed by any other man, not even by Simon Cameron himself. With him the end he aimed at always justified the means to secure it, and when he set his mind upon the accomplishment of a certain purpose, he never faltered, or lost sight of it. If it was appropriate here, which it is not, we could a tale unfold, showing how, in 1871, he procured ton election from this county of a Republican to the lower branch of the Legislature, a successful experiment which he afterwards said he regretted, inasmuch as it failed to accomplish the object he had in view. For nine years he made and unmade Republican candidates for State offices, and moulded State conventions at his pleasure. To him Blaine owes his defeat for the Presidency by the Cincinnati Republican National convention. He went to Florida after the Presidential election in 1876, and manipulated the counting of the vote of that State, as is generally conceded, in favor of Hayes. How he did it, we neither know, nor say, but we do know, as others know, that the vote of the State was for sale, and that through Mackey's management Hayes got it. If he was an unscrupulous and a dangerous politician, he had his bright side, just as every dark cloud has its silver lining. We have it from a prominent Democrat, who was on intimate terms with Mr. Mackey, that he was a most generous and liberal man—was always ready to assist a deserving friend in whom he had confidence, even though he was not of his political school, and that in all his business relations he was strictly upright and honest. No other Republican in the State can fill his place as a sagacious leader, and in his death the strongest prop and support of the house of Cameron has been taken away.

GEN. GRANT in his travels on the continent of Europe, having listened with delight to "the sweet German accent," has gone from Paris to Ireland to enjoy "the rich Irish brogue." He arrived in Dublin on Friday last, where he was received with becoming honor and with genuine Irish hospitality. After visiting some other parts of the land of eloquence and song, he will return to Paris, and afterwards sail, as we stated last week, in the United States vessel of war, Richmond, which will leave a French port for India, by way of the Mediterranean and the Suez canal. From India, Grant will pursue his journey to China and Japan, and will reach San Francisco some time in June, thus having made a voyage around the world. Having familiarized himself to a limited extent, with despotic government in the distant East, Grant will be the better prepared, in the event of his election to a third term, to inaugurate and enforce "a strong government" supported by bayonets, which his admirers advocate, as necessary to keep the laboring classes under proper restraint. We trust that the men who held office under him, and who are now urging him for a third term, will be successful in their efforts, and that an opportunity will be presented to the American people to record their condemnation of the administration of a President, whose last term of four years was the most lawless and corrupt in nearly every department of the government that was ever known in the history of the country.

THE announcement, from Washington, that William Sharon had arrived there to take his seat as a member of the Senate from Nevada suggests the question, of what possible use to the country in general, or to Nevada in particular, is Sharon in the Senate? This is his first appearance in that body at the present session, and during the whole of the last session he was not there at all, although his party on several occasions stood in sore need of his vote, and telegraphed him to that effect. He is one of the silver kings of Nevada, and bought his seat in the Senate, just as the government mint would buy from him a given quantity of his silver ore. He proposes, we understand, to repeat his purchase when his present term expires, two years from the 4th of next March. He don't even live in Nevada, and never did, but makes his home in San Francisco, where he can attend personally to his speculations in mining stocks and bullion. He is of no more account in the Senate than would be a South Sea Islander, and it is a burning disgrace that this Pacific coast Croesus is permitted to draw from the public treasury, thousands of dollars to pay him for services he never rendered. A man rolling in wealth like Sharon, who would rob the Treasury in that way, must be gifted with an unlimited amount of cheek. Is it much wonder that the odious doctrines of the communists have their adherents in some sections of the country?

IN the Senate of Maine on Friday last Alonzo Garcelon, Democrat, was elected Governor, receiving 21 votes to 10 cast for Joseph A. Smith, Greenbacker. The names of these two candidates having been previously agreed upon by the House, they were sent to the Senate, whose duty, under a most singular law of the State, required it to elect one of them. At the election in September, Garcelon received the smallest vote given to any candidate. Every Republican Senator voted for Garcelon.

Grant and his Surroundings.

Was it any wonder that the people should murmur at the burdens saddled upon their backs and complain of the extravagance of the public expenditures, when Gen. Grant, with a large party, and a newspaper chronicler to write up his travels and to keep him before the public as a third term candidate, had a ship of war at his disposal for months in and out of the Mediterranean, the whole expense of which was charged to the navy fund? Now another ship of war has been ordered abroad, to transport him and his party through the East at the public charge; and the Fraudulent President and his retainers make haste to show submissive zeal in consulting his caprice or wishes, as if he were a master whom they were bound and glad to obey.

Cramer, the brother-in-law of Grant, Badeau, his biographer, and others of that stamp, are holding honorable offices abroad, solely on account of their personal relation to him. Babcock, whose name disgraces the army register, has a picked position in the Engineer Corps, and still flourishes about Washington, by virtue of his connection with Grant, when he ought to be cracking stone in a penitentiary. The Ring chiefs who stole the poor freedmen's savings, and who plundered the people of the District of Columbia, are protected by Hayes as they were by Grant, under the bargain by which the Great Fraud was consummated.

What does all this mean but a servile and significant imitation of the monarchical system in the Old World, with its pomp and pride of power and partiality for the favored few over the taxpaying many? When ex President Filmore and ex-President Pierce visited Europe they went as private gentlemen who sought no distinction on account of the high office they had once held. They made no ostentatious display; they did not insult hospitality by insisting on precedence at the tables of their hosts; they did not claim privileges, countenanced by neither law nor propriety to use ships of war for their pleasure and convenience. They did not invite criticism by gross exhibitions in polite society, or make vulgar pretension to rank above their fellow citizens. They went abroad decorously, and returned home honored and respected, without the least attempt at show or at political speculation.

Two years in Europe have turned the head of Grant, and made him a confirmed believer in strong government and an imitator of the usages of kings and emperors. He hardly concealed this partiality for imperial grandeur in his interview with Prince Bismarck, when he substantially expressed the opinion that obedience was the first duty of the subject, and resistance to hereditary tyranny could not be punished with too much severity. He had established a sort of shoddy court before he went abroad, and he will come back filled with the notion of setting up something more like the genuine article. He will expect the Republican party to accept him and to approve his course ambition.—*N. Y. Sun.*

GOLD COIN.—United States Treasurer Gilfillan, in an interview, said to day (Jan. 6) that of actual gold coin in the Treasury there is about $180,000,000. "Nearly all of this," he says, "is in New York. The reason the Government has not resumed specie payments everywhere is because the law says we must resume in New York, but as it does not prohibit us from resuming everywhere, we will soon do it, now that we see we need not run all the reserves around the country on wheels."

"How much of it have you in the Treasury buildings?"

"Only $600,000; but people passing by think this building is full of money. They were never more mistaken. We have paid over $300,000,000 of gold coupon interest over that cash counter, and never had over $1,000,000 gold in our vaults at a time."

"How did you accomplish that?"

"Easily enough. The reason people wanted gold in days gone by was that they might take it over to the local banks and sell it at a premium. The bankers would bring it right back, and get a gold check on New York for it, to save expressage. The gold was not wanted here; so we got the coin back as fast as we paid it out. It will be the same now; nobody wants to pay to send gold to New York, and the only gold we will get rid of in Washington will be the little amount that will go into circulation, and the people will get tired of that after a while, and we will get it nearly all back again."

THE intense cold spell, like the remarkable heat of last summer, seems common to the Northern hemisphere. Scotland has been buried in snow to a degree unknown for thirty years, and the San Francisco *Chronicle*, December 28th, says, under the head "Phenomenal Weather": "The weather record of this State since the coming of the Argonauts shows nothing like the continued cold snap of the last fortnight. When the mercury falls at Sacramento to 15 degrees and 17 degrees below freezing point, as it did on the nights of the 26th and 27th instants, it is almost as startling, phenomenon as absinthed rain in the month of August would be. Our driest winters are always the coldest, because they are accompanied by northerly winds, while the rain winds all blow from the south, generally at a temperature ranging from 48 degrees to 62 degrees Fahrenheit. The ordinary winter north winds come with a perfectly clear sky and produce a range of temperature in the great inland valleys from about freezing point (32 degrees) in the night to 52 degrees in the afternoon. This year the range both at Sacramento and Stockton has been much lower, both day and night."

THE Supreme Court of Pennsylvania met at Philadelphia on Monday, and was reorganized by the retirement of Chief Justice Daniel Agnew, the qualification of Justice George Sharswood as Chief Justice, and Judge James P. Sterrett, of Allegheny county, as the successor of Agnew. The Court is now constituted as follows: Geo. Sharswood, C. J., Ulysses Mercur, Isaac G. Gordon, Edward M. Paxson, Warren J. Woodward, John Trunkey, James P. Sterrett. Since the death of William Tilghman, in 1826, the succeeding Chief Justices have been: John Bannister Gibson, of Cumberland; Jeremiah S. Black, of Somerset; Ellis Lewis, of Lancaster; Walter H. Lowrie, of Allegheny; George W. Woodward, of Luzerne; James Thompson, of Erie; John M. Read, of Philadelphia, and Daniel Agnew, of Beaver. With the exception of Chief Justice Read's term of one year, Judge Sharswood is the only Philadelphian who has held the office of Chief Justice for more than a half century.

THE Cincinnati *Gazette* says: As to the Indian question in Oregon and Washington Territory—and we presume it is the same in all places where the Indians have good lands—the chief difficulty, according to our information, is not that the Indians are not Christianized, nor that they are inclined to war, but that the white rovers, adventurers, speculators and scalawags are determined to have an Indian war in order to get the Indian lands, as well as to have the expenditure that Indian war brings. And as to Indian outrages on the white settlers, we suppose that they are not one in ten to the murders and robberies of Indians by the whites. As to Christianization, we are constrained to believe that the whites have none to brag of.

News and Other Notings.

—General Tom Thumb was forty one years old on Saturday.

—Hon. Caleb Cushing died in Newburyport, Mass., on Thursday night, 2d inst., aged 79 years.

—The ex Rebel General Longstreet, of Louisiana, has been appointed postmaster at Gainesville, Georgia.

—The debt statement issued the 2d shows an increase of the National debt for December of $1,233,785 30.

—Ex-Governor Curtin has almost recovered his usual good health and expects soon to regain his usual vigor.

—During the recent flood Cochran Brothers lost some 200,000 feet of logs from Young-woman's creek, Cameron county.

—An extra brakeman has been added to nearly all the passenger trains on the Middle Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

—Privates Dalzell writes to a Pittsburg journal that, like Senator Blaine, he is proud of having been born in Pennsylvania.

—Mackay, the bonanza man, has sued the Western Union Telegraph Company for $2,000 for kinking up one of his messages.

—On General Robert E. Lee's birthday, the 19th inst., a collection will be taken up throughout the South in aid of the Lee monument.

—The grave of L. L. Wing, who was a prominent citizen of Rockdale township, Crawford county, was robbed of that gentleman's body a few days since.

—Pittsburgh's City Council has resolved to tax all railroad property within the limits of that city. It aggregates $10,000,000 in value and will yield $100,000 revenue.

—General Sherman says that he has seen all the royal ladies at the European courts, but never one who could discharge her social duties as gracefully as Mrs. Hayes.

—Captain Paul Boyton has paid a visit to Ida Lewis, the "Grace Darling of America," at her home in the lighthouse on the lime rocks in Newport (R. I.) harbor.

—A Huntingdon county butcher has made a sausage seventy-eight feet long, which he will present to Colonel Ruth Goshen, the California giant, for a watch chain.

—Congressman De La Matyr is engaged in a newspaper controversy with Professor Ridpath upon the subject of capital punishment. The reverend statesman defends lex talionis.

—Rev. Clement C. Moore, the author of "'Twas the night before Christmas," was a professor of Greek and Hebrew in a theological seminary in New York and died in 1863, aged 84.

—The formation of a State Bar Association is urged in a circular addressed to the lawyers of Pennsylvania by a committee of which General James A. Beaver, of Bellefonte, is chairman.

—The late Governor Geary is said to have had a curious pleasure in saving all paragraphs and articles written about him. He had a large number of scrap books filled with these things.

—General Grant arrived in Dublin Friday morning, accompanied by General Noyes, United States Minister to France. He was met by the Mayor, and there was no public demonstration.

—Judge Charles T. Sherman, formerly United United States Judge of the Cleveland, Ohio, district, died suddenly New Year morning. He was a brother of Secretary and General Sherman.

—Ex Secretary of the Navy Adolph E. Borie sailed by the American Line steamship Illinois, Thursday, on his way to join General Grant in a tour of the world.—They are to meet in Paris.

—"Just so sure as Hunter will be executed for the murder of Armstrong, just so sure will this man Graham be convicted," said Prosecutor Jenkins to the Trenton *True American* the other day.

—A fire broke out in the insane department of the Westmoreland County Home on Wednesday evening. The building was totally destroyed. All the inmates were saved. Loss, $50,000; insurance, $37,000.

—At an entertainment on New Year's night at the City Hall, Barnesville, Ohio, called the Feast of Mondamin, upwards of 150 persons were taken violently ill, some miscreant having mixed croton oil with the food.

—Charles R. Callahan, in a match at Newburg, N. Y., Wednesday of last week, walked 65 miles in 21 hours. His competitor, George I. Wilson, in the same time, covered a few feet more than 62 miles, and fell exhausted.

—Governor Talbot, of Massachusetts, was inaugurated on the 2d inst. with the usual ceremonies, and delivered his message. The amount of outstanding funded indebtedness of the Commonwealth is stated to be $33,020,464.

—Mr. Smalley, the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, says the Londoner's idea of cold weather is an inch of snow on the ground. Such is called frigid weather, and everybody is advised to keep in the house.

—That dreaded disease, scarlet fever, continues unabated in its spread in the city of New York. For five days last week the number of new cases reported was 155, some of them of a malignant type, complicated with diphtheria.

—It was the Rev. James Hodgson, of Virginia, who prophesied that the earth would be destroyed by fire on Sunday, January 5, 1879. Which is why Hodgson ought to try, try again, and if he shouldn't hit it the next time to keep on a tryin'.

—Robert Downing, a wood chopper, living near Dallas, Texas, got a Christmas present of $11,430. His grandfather, a New York merchant, had willed that sum to Downing and the attorney happened to forward the money so that it reached Dallas on Christmas Day.

—Hon. Samuel B. Dick, of the twenty-sixth Congressional district, having been served with a paper by Hon. W. C. Plummer, setting forth his reasons for contesting Mr. Dick's election, that gentleman has answered each allegation by denying *in toto* what they charge.

—Linas Hughes has been arrested in Bell township, Westmoreland county, for horse stealing. He is wanted in Butler and Armstrong counties for the same offence. Although young in years, he is said to be the most notorious horse thief in the Western counties.

Mrs. Eliza Everitt, widow of Bartholomew Jones Everitt, late assistant surgeon in India, daughter of the late Robert Burns, esq., of Dumfries, and granddaughter of the celebrated poet of the same name, died at Bath, England, about December 15, at an advanced age.

—A banking house is to be established in New York, with a branch in Rio Janeiro, for the purpose of facilitating commercial relations with Brazil. At present, bills of exchange on Brazil must be procured by way of London, with a payment of a double commission of the London intermediary.

—A vigorous effort will be made to have the board of pardons reconsider their action in the case of Martin Bergin, the Mollie Maguire, whose execution is fixed for January 16th. At the last meeting the board refused to recommend the commutation of the death sentence to life imprisonment.

—The erecting department of the Pennsylvania railroad shops is quite busy, says the Altoona *Tribune*, with enough work to keep the employees so for six months.—Ten engines on the Philadelphia division have recently been brought up for repairs, and an order given for the building of ten new ones.

—In the autumn of 1876 a young man asked Mrs. Hiram Jones, of Pottstown, for supper, lodging and breakfast, saying that he had no money to pay for them. A few days ago he returned and paid the bill.

—The banking house of Bennett & Co., made an assignment Thursday morning, 2d inst. The cause alleged is the present inability of the Forty Fort Coal Company, Riverside Coal Company, J. H. Swayne and others to meet their obligations.—The firm is confident that creditors will be paid in full.

—The third semi-annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Millers' State Association will be held at the Stevens House, Lancaster, on Tuesday, January 14. A number of important topics will be brought before the meeting, such as the claims of patentees, the formation of a State millers' fire insurance company, etc.

—A six days' pedestrian contest has been arranged between O'Leary, of Chicago, and Harriman, of Massachusetts, for $2,000, to take place in New York within the next six weeks. It is the result of a challenge from Harriman, and the agreement is that the winner takes all the gate money, in addition to the stakes.

—Dr. Alonzo Garcelon, elected Governor of Maine on Friday, by the Senate of that State, was formerly a Republican, and while acting with that party was elected a member of the State Senate. He went over to the Democratic party in the movement led by President Johnson, and has since been defeated several times as a Democratic candidate for Congress.

—On Sunday night, at Carbon, Wyoming, twenty five or thirty masked men broke open a baggage car and took out and hung to a telegraph pole Dutch Charley, who was *en route* to Rawlins, to stand his trial on a charge of participation in the Widow Field murder last fall. He was a notorious character and had been identified with a number of stage robberies.

—President Pullman, of the Pullman palace car company, received a cable dispatch recently from Lisbon, stating that Chas. W. Angell, the defaulting secretary of the company, had been delivered to General Henry Starring, the London agent of the company. General Starring also has the $80,000 found in possession of Angell and he telegraphs that he will start at once with his prisoner in a clipper ship for New York.

—The assessed valuation of the Girard estate for 1878 was $6,687,290 22, and from this there was realized $745,272 28. The surplus, after expending $302,667 84, was $443,605 44. The expenses of maintaining Girard College for the year were $280,356 33. The fund left by Girard for the improvement of the eastern front of the city now amounts to $631,169.17. The number of pupils at Girard College was increased from 550 to 870.

—There is said to be little love btween the Duke of Edinburgh and the Marquis of Lorne. The Duke denounces the Prime Minister of England and praises his father-in-law, the Czar of Russia, in semi public conversations. The Marquis was at one time a strong Liberal man, but deserted the party on the Eastern question, and clings to the Jingoes or Conservatives now with zeal. This is the cause of the ill-feeling between the brothers in law.

—A dispatch to the St. Paul, Minn., *Pioneer Press* says: "The jury in the case of William Chase, who was on trial at Chippewa Falls, Wis., for the killing of Frank Goodlue, on Dec. 13, on Tuesday brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree, and the prisoner was immediately sentenced to imprisonment for life. The case has created much excitement in Chippewa county. Chase was once taken from jail by the mob, and barely escaped with his life. He was strongly guarded during the trial."

—Hon. Morton McMichael died at his residence in Philadelphia Monday, at 4 P. M. He was about seventy one years of age, and, until a recent period, had enjoyed robust health. He had been connected with the *North American* newspaper, of that city, since early manhood, and occupied at intervals many important public positions. He was widely known throughout the country as a prominent politician of the old Whig school, and was conspicuous for his kindly intercourse with his fellow-citizens.

—Lieutenant Flipper, the colored youth who attracted some attention a year or two ago, is about to write a book detailing his sufferings on account of his color at the West Point military academy. This is really too bad. The young man undoubtedly underwent many indignities, and the pigment of his skin was very likely the groundwork of all his troubles; but why should he write a book? Has he graduated from a school where the art of war is taught only to give a fresh illustration of the old adage about the pen being more potent than the sword?

—Webb Hayes is said to be something of a wag. At one of the Western receptions given Mr. and Mrs. Hayes last fall, while hundreds were shaking hands with the couple, he pulled his hat down over his face, drew his coat tight around him, and falling into line, gravely walked up to his mother, and, taking her hand to shake it, as the others did, stood for a moment and gravely said, in a clear, raised tone, so that all might hear: "God bless you, Madam, for your noble adherence to the Temperance cause." Mrs. Hayes, though taken unawares, thanked him gravely, without any appearance of recognition, and he passed on with the crowd.

—Ex Secretary Usher says that he once spoke to Mr. Lincoln on the danger of assassination. "Lincoln was too careless," he adds. "He would go out of his house at night and walk over to the war department, where Stanton was receiving dispatches, unattended. I said to him: 'Lincoln, you have no business to expose yourself in this way. It is known that you go out at midnight and return here sometimes at 2 o'clock in the morning from the war department. It would be very easy to kill you.' The President replied that if anybody desired to assassinate him he did not suppose any amount of care would save him."

—Captain Sam Brady enlisted at the first drum-tap in Boston, fought in all the heavy battles of the Revolution, was twice promoted by the Father of his Country, bore a musket on the frontier until Wayne's treaty in 1794, made a celebrated leap for freedom that passed into the chronicles, and —— never got a cent for his services. "Sir," said he, in his old age, when asked why he had never asked for pay; "sir, I was one of an army of patriots, not of an army of hirelings." But his grandson, whom gaunt time has pinched some what, now writes to the Troy (Kansas) *Chief* that the grand children have decided to ask Congress for the money due the dead hero.

—Bradford, the oil centre of the northern district, is full of life. Here are some of the modern improvements: A young lady, daughter of a wealthy widow, was detected stealing a shirt and a quantity of jewelry. The daughter and mother are well supplied with worldly goods, and with the daughter it is nothing more or less than an unfortunate mania for stealing. Charles W. Ecob, a tax collector, was waylaid and robbed of $525 Saturday night, on his way from Bradford to Tarport. It was tax money, which Mr. Ecob intended to deposit with the County Treasurer. The freebooters escaped. Saturday night a young boy was attacked by ruffians, who attempted to rob him of a $10 bill, which he was running about to get changed. The boy screamed lustily for help and the would be robbers fled.

JOHN WANAMAKER
SECOND

Grand Annual Holiday Sale.

FAR AHEAD OF THAT OF LAST YEAR IN EVERY RESPECT.

Last year witnessed the first of our Holiday Sales.—We did the best we could and the people appreciated our efforts. Our thanks to the quick-sighted public, who are always sure to be on the right side.

This year, month by month, we have improved the GRAND DEPOT, and now that we are ready to inaugurate our Holiday Sale, we believe the people will quickly perceive the great advantages offered by this exhibition of art, industry and merchandise, collected under the vast roof of GRAND DEPOT.

DEPARTMENTS.

A—Black and Colored Silks.
B—Mourning Goods.
C—Dress Goods.
D—Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods.
E—Woolens', Boys' Wear and Ladies' Cloakings, etc.
F—Notions, Jewelry, Fans, etc.
G—Linens and House Furnishing Goods.
H—White Goods, Laces, Embroideries, etc.
I—Upholstery.
K—Shawls, Wrappers, etc.
L—Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, etc.
M—Hats and Caps.
N—Hosiery and Underwear.
O—Boots, Shoes, Rubber Goods, Trunks, Valises, etc.
P—Ready-made Clothing for Men Youths and Boys.
Q—Clothing Made to Order.
R—Flannels, Muslins, Linings, etc.
S—Furs, Robes, etc.
T—Stationery, Silverware, Perfumery, etc.
U—Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons and Millinery Goods.
V—Infant's and Misses' Dresses, Ladies' Underwear, etc.
W—Baby Coaches, Toys, Field Games, etc.
X—Door Mats, Rugs, etc.
Y—China and Glassware.
YI—Silverware.
Z—Zephyrs, Fancy Needle work, etc.

NO SUCH ATTRACTIONS CAN BE FOUND ELSEWHERE.

All the talent we could command has been brought to bear in organizing this Sale. We are sure the people will wonder when they see what we have done.

A most cordial invitation is extended to every one.

NOTE.—Additional force of Clerks and Cash-desk Messengers added for this sale.

John Wanamaker,

GRAND DEPOT, THIRTEENTH ST., PHILADELPHIA.

AN ARMY SCANDAL.—A special dispatch from Washington says: Army circles have been excited by recent publication of a scandal in which Captain Blair, of the Fifteenth Infantry, and the widow of the late Colonel Gordon Granger, are the central figures. After the death of Colonel Granger, his widow settled in Washington, and, being a lady of liberal education and fine personal appearance, soon became a favorite in social circles.—Mrs. Granger is a relative of the late Commodore Vanderbilt, who bequeathed her $20,000. About a year ago she married Captain Blair, and is now with her husband at Santa Fe. Recently, the United States Consul at Glasgow, Scotland, reported to the State Department that a woman with two children, giving the name of Mrs. Thomas Blair Nichols, and claiming to be the wife of Captain Blair, United States Army, had filed charges with him against her husband for bigamy, she having learned that he had married Mrs. Granger. The Scotch woman alleges that Blair's real name is Nichols; that he deserted her about 18 years ago, and enlisted in the United States Army; and that shortly prior to his marriage with Mrs. Granger he visited her in Scotland. These facts were communicated to William H. Vanderbilt, of New York, by the State Department, who, in turn, communicated them to Mrs. Granger Blair. The lady replied that she had already been informed of the story, which she pronounced untrue, and expressed a determination to adhere to her husband. Captain Blair has obtained leave of absence and will visit Washington and demand an investigation of the charges, which he pronounces false. Blair entered the army in 1860 as a private and was promoted to a Lieutenantcy in 1867. Prior to his marriage with Mrs. Granger he visited Scotland. The facts last stated give interest to the Scotch woman's story."

"LEISURE HOURS" is the name of a new Magazine which has been sent us by the publishers, J. L. Patten & Co., 47 Barclay street, New York. The number before us contains illustrated articles of Travel, Biography, &c., besides stories, sketches and poetry, and is published at the popular price of $1 per year. The illustrations are handsomely gotten up, and the reading matter is of the best quality. The forty pages of this Magazine are filled with matter that will be interesting to all our readers. In order that all may have a chance to see and examine this Magazine, the publishers offer to send it three months for 25 cents, and to present every three months' subscriber with a charming motto, entitled "Faith, Hope and Charity." The words of this motto are printed in fifteen oil colors upon a dark ground and are entwined with floral designs of great beauty. For $2 25, cash in advance, LEISURE HOURS and the FREEMAN will be sent to any address for one year. [2-27-3t.]

AN ASTONISHING FACT.—A large proportion of the American people are to-day dying from the effects of Dyspepsia or disordered liver. The result of these diseases upon the masses of intelligent and valuable people is most alarming, making life actually a burden instead of a pleasant existence of enjoyment and usefulness as it ought to be. There is no good reason for this, if you will only throw aside prejudice and skepticism, take the advice of Druggists and your friends and try one bottle of Green's August Flower. Your speedy relief is certain. Millions of bottles of this medicine have been given away to try its virtues, with satisfactory results in every case. You can buy a sample bottle for 10 cents to try. Three doses will relieve the worst case. Positively sold by all Druggists on the Western Continent.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SWEET Chewing JACKSON'S BEST NAVY Tobacco

Awarded highest prize at Centennial Exposition for fine cheese of qualities and excellence and lasting character of flavor and aroma. The best tobacco ever made. As our blue stamp trade-mark is closely imitated on inferior goods, see that Jackson's Best is on every plug. Sold by all dealers. Send 10 cents, postage, for U. S. Jackson & Co.'s Mfrs. Catalogue, Va.

G. F. WARDLE, Phila., Pa., General Agents.

$7 A DAY to Agents canvassing for the Fire side Visitor. Terms and Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

25 Fancy Cards, with names, 10c., plain or gold. Agent's outfit, 10c. 150 styles. Hull & Co., Hudson, N. Y.

30 Fancy Cards, Chromo, Snowflake, &c., no 2 alike, with name, 10 cts. J. Minkler & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

40 MIXED CARDS, no 2 alike, with name, 10c. Agents' outfit, 10c. L. JOHNSON & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

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STOVES,

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The Henry Bill Publishing Co., Norwich, Conn.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria County to report upon the exceptions filed to the account of Jacob Klinger, Guardian of C. V. and J. P. McDevitt, and restate said account, will sit for the purpose of his appointment at the Court House, in Ebensburg, on Monday, 3rd day of February, 1879, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where parties interested may attend if they think proper.

JOSEPH McDONALD, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Jan. 10, 1879.-3t.

STRAY HEIFER.—Came to the premises of the undersigned, in Chest township, on or about the 1st of August, 1878, a black and white heifer, about two years old, with the end or tip of the right ear cut off, and a crop ear slit. The owner is requested to come, prove property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of according to law.

ANN ADAIR.

Clearfield Twp., Dec. 27, 1878. 4t.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - JAN. 10, 1879.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

To Our Readers.

The present Number concludes volume 12 of the FREEMAN, and we take advantage of the opportunity to earnestly request our patrons, one and all, to call and or send us the amounts due us. The meditated purchase of some new material for the Office will necessitate the outlay of a considerable sum, and to meet the demand we make a personal appeal to our debtors. *No paper will be issued next week.* Our employes worked throughout the Holidays, and have earned the right to a brief breathing spell.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—Germantown yarn at Oatman's.

—Ladies' ulsters, of all kinds, at Oatman's.

—Shoes Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. [1-3-15.]

—The coldest weather since Kossuth was born!

—The drifts are deeper than since the winter of 1855-6.

—The Carrolltown mail was snowed up three days last week.

—The misses' and children's hoods, all kinds, go to Oatman's.

—Scarlet, navy blue, and seal brown knitting yarns, at Oatman's.

—An aged lady named Jones, of the West Ward, was buried last Sunday.

—This is the week of the "Week of Prayer" in Protestant churches.

—After a two weeks' vacation, our schools re-opened Monday morning.

—The law office of John Fenlon, Esq., has been removed to Colonnade Row.

—The Altoona *Sun*, enlarged and improved, makes its appearance last Saturday.

—The choicest New Orleans Molasses ever brought to town will be found at Oatman's.

—Supervisor Ehrenfelt, of Gallitzin, had his nose badly frosted during last week's cold spell.

—Work in the railroad shops at Altoona was seriously interrupted last week by the cold weather.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* tells us that ex-Treasurer Pontfoll designs moving back to that place to live.

—The Somerset and Mineral Point Railroad has been sold at trustee's sale to Christian Long for $6,100.

—A gentleman named Ford, from Mill-ville, has been appointed Superintendent of the Bell's Gap Railroad.

—A daughter of Mr. Peter Dishong, of Jackson township, aged 13 years and 9 days, weighs 160 pounds.

—A large quantity of real estate, the property of Mr. Wm. M. Lloyd, is advertised for sale by the sheriff of Blair county.

—The Altoona *Tribune*'s correspondent says a New York party is about negotiating for or purchase the Tyrone forges.

—The Altoona shoe-men detailed to shoe-horse on the main line, last week and Sunday, earned and were paid double wages.

—John A. Kennedy, Esq., late clerk to the County Commissioners, has been appointed clerk for the board of Auditors.

—M. L. Oatman has the largest stock of boots and shoes in town, and the prices are less below any other store in Ebensburg.

—Two tons of coal and slate fell on Hugh Owen, a miner in a bank near Johnstown, last week, and crushed the life out of him.

—Capt. Jim Singer, we are sorry to learn, is still confined to bed by a disease which appears to be some affection of the kidneys.

—Col. A. M. Lloyd, of Hollidaysburg, has been appointed District Deputy Grand Master of the Masonic district for the current year.

—If you want a live daily paper, order the Morning Daily DISPATCH. Subscription, $6 per annum. Address Rook & O'Neill, Publishers. [12-13-6t.]

—William Cowan, of Wilmore, who was injured by the cars at that point on the 19th of August, is yet an invalid and confined to his room.

—Freeman Wilkinson, of Blairsville, and Enoch Hildebrand, of Indiana, who were with the Collins' expedition in Brazil, have returned home.

—John M. Bowman, formerly of this county and afterward of Juniata county, has gone to Bedford county to edit and publish the Everett *Press*.

—While Mrs. Wm. Kittell was on her way to church last Sunday morning, she slipped and fell on the icy sidewalk and received some serious injuries.

—The annual election of Directors for the Cambria County Mutual Insurance Company of Cambria county will be held at the office of the Company next Monday.

—John Bulker, an old resident of Bedford county, was drowned in the Juniata river, near Tussecking, on Christmas day, while attempting to cross on the ice.

—S. S. H. Lemon, of the Brazil expedition, has got back to his home in Hollidaysburg. His health suffered greatly from his experience under the equator.

—Two young men named Carney, in jail for non-payment of costs on an assault and battery case, were discharged on their own recognizance Tuesday morning.

—The snow blockade on the country road leading from Ebensburg to Johnstown was broken Tuesday, and sleds now come and go throughout its entire length.

—The new reservoir at Johnstown will have a capacity of 15,000,000 gallons, and the entire cost of the additional water facilities will be from $15,000 to $18,000.

—A large new double column advertisement for H. Simon & Co., Eleventh avenue, Altoona, came to hand too late for this week. It will appear in our next issue.

—Owing to the disturbed condition of the roads, the session of Argument Court advertised to be held here last Tuesday has been postponed till the 11th day of February.

—Tom Jenkins, of Johnstown, convicted at the last session of Court of assault and battery and locked up, was turned out into the cold on Thursday. His term of service had expired.

—A tramp laid down alongside a furnace at Birmingham last Sunday and was suffocated by the fumes of gas. His name was Jones Call, and it is thought he was from Westmoreland county.

—Esquire Jones, the newly appointed Justice of the Peace, has fitted his commission and opened out an office for the dispensing of justice, in the eastern wing of his dwelling-house, East Ward.

—Captain Dannegan, the clerk for the new board of County Commissioners, will be entirely unfamiliar with the duties required of him in that position, for he was himself a Commissioner a few years since.

—Though unable to be personally with them, we are glad to know that the dramatic entertainment given by our good friends of the T. T. A. S. at Carrolltown on New Year's evening was a success in every respect.

—Four horses were frozen to death in a car while crossing the mountain last Friday, and seven head of Texan cattle, out of a car load of sixteen, met a like fate the day preceding between Altoona and Hart's.

—Rat boots, new shoes, new overshoes, and new goods of all kinds have been received at M. Feltenbaum's, Loretto, and are offered to the public at reasonable prices—lower than ever sold anywhere before the present month.

—About three hundred paupers were thrown out of house and home by the burning of the Westmoreland Poor-house on New Year's day. They were given temporary shelter in similar institutions in neighboring counties.

—Messrs. Singert and Forster celebrated the opening of the new year in Bellefonte by issuing the initial number of a new journal styled the Centre *Democrat*. It is got up well, and will be run in opposition to Gray Meek's *Watchman*.

—A coon lady named Rachael Jones, relict of David Jones, (Dunlogh,) was found dead in bed Thursday morning. She lived alone, in the East Ward, and the verdict of the Coroner's inquest was that she came to her death from natural causes.

—Five young men made an unprovoked attack on Mr. Joseph Heslop, who was riding in a sleigh in the neighborhood of Johnstown, Wednesday of last week, and beat him till he was rendered senseless. The miscreants have been apprehended.

—Talking about cold weather. In the log-book of Capt. Hall's polar expedition, for the date Dec. 2, 1871, is this entry: "On this day, the weather being calm and the temperature *not very low*, (about 7 deg. below zero), the men were engaged in out-door sports."

—Messrs. E. J. Mills and his son Harry, who went westward a couple of weeks ago, have each taken up a quarter section of land in the immediate neighborhood of where the Cambria county colony design locating in Kansas, with the intention of devoting their energies hereafter to farming.

—Major John Brady, the well known Harrisburg hotel keeper, and founder of the Brady House in that city, died after a brief illness on Monday last, in the 64th year of his age. Major Brady was widely known throughout the State, and had a host of friends who will regret to hear of his death.

—A report was current that Mr. Charles Latterner, formerly of this place, was lying dangerously ill with the typhoid fever at Altoona. Such is not the case. He is well as usual, but his brother John was visited by the disease three months ago, from the effects of which he long ago was fully recovered.

—Major John McMurray has resigned his position of warrant clerk in Auditor General Schell's department to engage in the publication of the Brookville *Democrat*, of which he has recently become owner.—Mr. W. L. Sansom, son of James B. Sansom, Esq., of the Indiana *Democrat*, holding a clerkship in the office, succeeds to the warrant clerk's desk.

—Rev. Reuben E. Wilson, of Mifflintown, formerly pastor of the Eighth avenue M. E. church at Altoona, was dragged and robbed in Harrisburg a few days since. It was at first thought that whiskey had done the business for him, but a meeting of his congregation, after inquiring into all the circumstances connected with the case, dismissed the charge as groundless.

—On Tuesday morning Augustine Ashcraft finished serving a term in the county jail for jail-breaking. He was discharged, but was immediately re-arrested for escape. His remark to constable Wherley while being escorted back to his old quarters from Squire Kinkead's office was brief but emphatic "I'll be d—d if it don't look as if they meant to keep me here for life" was what he said.

—There was a plethora of news for the people of Ebensburg to digest Sunday evening. The last mail preceding that date had been received the Tuesday night previous, and when the sleigh-backs which broke through the snow to Cresson Sunday returned, they brought with them no less than thirty-two pouches freighted with letters and newspapers. No interruption has since been experienced to the mail service.

—Catharine Hoffman, who threw her infant through the hole in a water closet of a passenger car near Altoona, has left for her home in Illinois. A man named Sarver having squared her financial indebtedness at Hollidaysburg. The Altoona *Tribune* says: "It will be with mingled feelings of pleasure that the charitable will learn that Miss Hoffman is out of the State, and that it is improbable that she will be brought back, as no one has a direct interest in bringing her back, and no one mourns her escape."

—Mr. Jesse Patterson was re-elected a Poor Director last November, and the board this year is therefore composed of the same numbers as last year, namely: Jesse Patterson, Isaac C. Wissinger, and Jacob Kirkpatrick. These gentleman held their first meeting as a new board at the Poor House on Tuesday, and made the following appointments for the current year: Steward, Isadore Lilly; physicians, Drs. Keim, of Ebensburg, and Yeagley, of Johnstown; counsel, Messrs. Oatman, of Ebensburg, and Linton, of Johnstown.

—Mr. Henry C. Kaylor, of Munster township, was in attendance at the Institute last week. The fact that he failed to make his appearance at home Saturday evening alarmed his friends, who imagined he might have fallen a victim to the intense cold, and they instituted search for him on Sunday. In vain. But on Monday, Mr. Kaylor emerged from some place of retirement where he had been making himself comfortable, and pronounced himself neither lost nor frozen, and the idea that the Coroner would soon be called on to act in an official capacity was suddenly dissipated.

—Messrs. John Lloyd & Co., High street, Ebensburg, will continue during the present month to dispose of the contents of their mercantile establishment at the satisfactory prices which characterized the month of December. Their entire stock of dry goods, clothing, hard-ware, and other articles usually kept in a first class country store, will positively be sold at the slightest advance over cost. Rival dealers may declare that their course is suicidal, but they are determined on bringing back the era of low prices. You will miss a bargain if you fail to call and see them at your earliest opportunity.

—The sky is stormy gray, and frowns upon the sunset's fading light; the angrier wind still angrier sounds and whistles in the winter's night. Meanwhile the mercury in the thermometer points to the neighborhood of zero, and seems to inquire whether the clothing you wear is of the sort that will keep you warm. If it is not, you have yourself alone to blame for your discomfort, for you can be rigged up in a manner to enable you to defy the storms at Jas J. Murphy's, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, and for so small a sum of money as to surprise you. His styles are fresh, and the quality of his goods is the very best.

—A letter received from the editor of the FREEMAN, dated at Indianapolis last Friday, informs us that he had purchased a new printing press at that point for this office. It was to be shipped forthwith, and if it reaches here at the appointed time, the next issue of this paper will be dated the 24th instant; should it be delayed, the publication of the paper may be delayed. On Monday of this week Mr McPike was at Wyandotte, Kansas, where he took dinner with his old friend Mr Joe Gadd, formerly of Johnstown, and family. The same evening, in excellent health, he resumed his journey toward Salina, Kansas, his objective point.

—The next holiday which will visit us will be Washington's birthday, the 22d of February. That is about six weeks distant, and persons contemplating "a day off" will have a long wait. But in the interim they can profitably put in the time by contrasting the prices of clothing sold by L. M. Woolf, on Main street, Johnstown, with those of clothing sold elsewhere. They will find that Mr. Woolf sells cheaper than any other dealer, while the quality is in all cases as good and in some superior. If not convenient to visit Johnstown, an order sent by mail will be carefully filled for any one, and at as low rates as if the buyer was personally present.

—We are informed that the newest slippers out have one broad strap crossing the instep and buttoning on the outer side of the foot with one button, and that fashionable walking boots have cloth tops to match the costume. Changes in the style of foot gear are about as frequent as in any other article of feminine outer adornment, but the very *latest* fashions are constantly kept by S. Blumenthal, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona. In addition, he has a large stock of boots, shoes and slippers for men and children, including rubbers of the most approved make. Any taste can be suited, and it is guaranteed that no fault will be found with the price list. Call on him, or send him an order.

—The snow is drifting through the air, to heap the plain with powdery white; the storm is fierce, the trees are bare, and dark and wild the winter's night. This is the song which has been everywhere sung for a couple of weeks, but it is noticeable that it is a favorite with none so much as those who bought their clothing at Godfrey Wolff's next door to the postoffice, Altoona. A popularity of the clothing sold by Mr. Wolff is that it sheds the cold as a gum boot does water, while the remarkably low prices at which it is furnished to customers is a recommendation that cannot be withstood. During the holidays a large quantity of goods was sold by this establishment to Cambria county men, and they unite in saying that they go the worth of the money expended.

THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS AND THEIR APPOINTMENTS.—The Democratic County convention nominated, and the Democracy in November elected, John Campbell, of Conemaugh Borough, and Geo. Gurley, of Ebensburg, to the office of County Commissioner, the other member of the board elected being Samuel W. Davis, also of Ebensburg, who was the Republican nominee. It was Mr. Campbell's fourth election to the office, an interval having occurred between the first and second, and it was Mr. Gurley's first election. He is yet a young man, and for many years has been annually elected by his party, constable of the West Ward. Some years ago he aspired to the nomination for Sheriff, and received a respectable vote, and he has acted as deputy under two or three Sheriffs, during portions of their terms. Through his own exertions he was fairly nominated for Commissioner, and through the force of Democratic ascendancy in the county, was elected. The Commissioners were sworn into office on Monday last, and two appointments, clerk and counsel, were to be made, that of Mercantile Appraiser having been made some days before by the old board. John A. Kennedy Esq., who has been its clerk for a number of years, was an applicant for re-appointment, and the position was also sought by E. R. Dunnegan Esq., of St. Augustine. Mr. Campbell was regarded as being in favor of retaining Kennedy, while Mr. Gurley was fatally bent on Dunnegan's success, for the reason that he happens to be his (Gurley's) brother in-law. To make the story short, after the board met and organized, Mr. Campbell voted for John A. Kennedy, and Messrs. Gurley and Davis voted for E. R. Dunnegan, and then by the same vote, A. V. Barker Esq., *Republican*, was elected counsel. This is the end of the first chapter of the official proceedings of the new board of Commissioners.

Of course the whole thing had been previously set up by Messrs. Gurley and Davis, the latter, as he had a perfect right to do, taking advantage of Gurley's blind devotion to his brother-in-law, and bull-dozing him in order to save Dunnegan, to vote for his (Davis') Republican friend, Barker, for counsel. If Mr. Campbell was determined not to vote for Dunnegan, and if Mr. Gurley was as determined not to vote for Kennedy, which we understand was the fact, then their plain duty was to throw both aside, and to take a new and competent man, who could easily have been found. But George Gurley seems to have deliberately made up his mind that his very first official act should be that of political suicide. His brother in-law, Squire Dunnegan, had a perfect right to aspire to the clerkship, and to get it honorably, if he could, but he had no right to procure it through a coalition with Davis, the Republican member of the board, at the utter sacrifice and destruction of George Gurley's political manhood and integrity.—A proper regard for the political future of one who occupies so near a relation to him as Mr. Gurley does, ought to have dictated to him a very different course. The most sensible course. George Gurley's ingratitude to his party is peculiarly base, inexcusable and heartless—sharper even than a serpent's tooth, and is terribly offensive to the Democracy of the county, who but lately warmed him into political life, confided in his integrity and trusted in his honor. Any future political preferment that may be in reserve for him, must come from the party of which A. V. Barker, Esq. is an active and efficient member, and, who, by his (Gurley's) vote, is now the legal adviser of the Commissioners. George Gurley will serve out his term of three years, and when that time arrives, the cheated and betrayed Democracy of Cambria county will thunder in his ears the fatal words, "never more, shalt thou be officer of mine."

COUNTY AUDITORSHIP MUDDLE.—As noted elsewhere, Mr. George R. Stineman, of South Fork was sworn in Monday as a member of the board of County Auditors. He and his fellow Auditors shortly thereafter organized and plunged into the task of ciphering up the receipts and expenditures of Cambria county for the past year, when the attention of Mr. Stineman was attracted to the following provision of the new constitution:

ART. 12, SEC. 2.—No member of Congress from this State, nor any person holding or exercising any office or appointment of trust or profit under the United States, shall at the same time hold or exercise any office in this State to which a salary, fees or perquisites shall be attached. The General Assembly may by law declare what offices are incompatible.

It so happens that Mr. Stineman is Postmaster for South Fork, and, a question of law having been raised as to his ability to retain that appointment and at the same time act as Auditor, the entire matter was referred, by telegraph, to Attorney-General Lear for his decision. Mr. Lear's answer was in effect that the two offices are not incompatible, and that Mr. Stineman was competent to act. We have not seen the correspondence and are therefore unable to say by what process of legal reasoning the Attorney General is enabled to arrive at the conclusion that a postmastership is not a United States government appointment, or that the position of Auditor is not an office held within the State, with fees attached. But Mr. Stineman felt warranted to resume the discharge of the duties of his office upon the strength of the decision. This was the situation up to Wednesday morning, when to more fully test the question raised, a writ of *quo warranto* was served on Mr. Stineman, requiring him to show by what right he exercised the duties of the office. The writ is returnable at next Argument Court, 11th of February, and the question is therefore in abeyance till that date. Meantime, the work of squaring the books will be proceeded with by Messrs. Dillon and Skelly, the remaining two members of the board, assisted by Mr. Stineman, should that gentleman see proper to tie his faith to the Attorney General.

LOTS OF FUN.—The school teachers in attendance at the Institute, assisted by certain outside influences, whiled an hour or two pleasantly away in the Mountain House parlor Friday evening last with music, readings, etc. The programme, which was an informal one, was about as follows:

1. Song—Under the Daisies. Aiella Jones.
2. Recitation—The Difference. Mary Jenkins.
3. Duet—Violin and piano. Misses Engelbach and Jones.
4. Reading—The Burial of Moses. Josephine Gregg.
5. Recitation—The Polish Boy. Amanda Brixner.
6. Duet—Violin and piano. Misses Jones and Engelbach.
7. Recitation—The Words of Farewell. Grace Layton.
8. Miscellaneous exercise. M. Gageby.
9. Song—H. Sayers.
10. Song—Elsie Cover.
11. Song—Just to Please the Boys. Magale Blair.
12. Pop speeches by Messrs. Al. Ward, E. B. Kittell, J. G. Lloyd, T. H. Reist, J. F. Middlekauff, and Geo. W. Marsden, and a general interchange of sentiment all round.

IN a temperance meeting held at Altoona on Sunday afternoon last, one Rev. G. B. Sarvis is reported by the *Mirror* of that city with having said: "In Altoona and Blair county much liquor was sold and drank, but in this regard, Cambria county was the banner county of the State. He knew this by experience. The prevalence of drunkenness and the constant and open violation of the Sabbath day by the Cambria people was notorious." The marked departure from the truth contained in this extract tends to the belief that Mr. Sarvis has been incorrectly reported, or else that he is a disgrace to his cloth. Cambria county is not noted for over-indulgence in strong drink on the part of her people, while her many churches and the large attendance thereat each Sunday would seem to dispose of the other part of the assertion. Who is Sarvis, anyhow? And what is he?

IT is an *on dit* that the Secretary of the late Teachers Institute is strongly opposed to the holding of further gatherings of that character in Ebensburg during the winter months. Upon his arrival at Cresson on his way home, after a ride thither on runners last Saturday, he found himself frozen nearly stiff, while the thought that his fellow teachers, and particularly the lady portion of them, who refused to follow him in his difficult journey, had warned him against just such a disaster, was not calculated to expedite the thawing-out process.

Letter from Kaas.

A Land not Flowing wi Milk and Honey.

GIRARD, Kansas, Dec. 28, 1878.

EDITOR CAMBRIA FREEMAN: *Dear Sir:* I thought perhaps a short letter from me would be read again, although some of my would-be friends made quite an ado over last letter I had in the Johnstown *Democrat*, cause it was different in tone from others had written. Just as if they themselves had not been deceived by any one. True, I once think that this country was a good one, or did be at a future time, and I think so yet in some respects, but not in all. As far as farming concerned,

SO ONE SHOULD LEAVE PENNSYVANIA,

to come here to better his condition by making money. If they have 25 acres there is better than the best 160 here, for the principle so low that farmers cannot live. Corn 16 cents; oats, 12½; wheat, 60; pork, live hog $1.75 per cwt, and no sale from the fact, there is nothing to consume what is raised, as the railroads charge too much to justify shipping. True, some quail and prairie chickens are shipped but that is about all, and unless the should be found and manufacturing establishments started, things never will be any better.

You have heard of the 40 bushels to the acre; the 100 bushels of corn; the 600 bushels of potatoes, and the nice fruit rais here. This is all very fine on paper, and sits those gents who are bought from 160 to 640 acres and want to fool somebody else into buying. Sell this kind of story. But let a man come here and buy, as I have done, on the say-so of us who are back in Pennsylvania, or men here and

IF THEY ARE NOT DISAPPOINTED,

I will then take the Re. Have you it heard the story that cattle could live almost a winter here on the prairie, or that three or four months was the most they would need? Let me see. We commenced to feed on the first of October; in a few days it will be three months, so there are sure three more ahead yet to fed. Well, but they all say this is a remarkable season—never had it so before. But then ye heard them say this in nothing; in '74 and '5 we had no rain to wet the ground deeper than two inches for fourteen months, and there was no snow or ice. They would say it would blow up and be cold for a day or so, but never get below zero, or at least not more than two degrees. It seems to me it must be a remarkably severe season never before saw ice over four inches thick, now they can get plenty of it ten inches, and potatoes have been frozen ten inches under the ground. To be candid and honest about the matter, I never seen any harder freezing before the holidays in Pennsylvania. If the country is as good in every respect as was represented to me and others, why is it that

ALL WANT TO SELL THEIR FARMS

and leave? I do not know of one man that does not want to sell his farm. It maybe that they all want to go further West and grow up with the country. I do think that business here, with the merchants, is better than in your county, but merchandising is getting overdone, and it will not be as good as heretofore. Our country men are comfortably situated—as contented, as I see just as much contentment here as in your state. True there are some poor there that have to be provided for, and are, but here the poor have to do for their selves they can. Their houses in many instances are not good enough for cattle sheds, but they must live and live some way.

CROPS AND WATER.

To close. If you hear of the large crops out here, just understand that it means from 5 to 12 bushels of wheat, from 30 to 50 bushels of corn, and about 20 bushels of potatoes, and other grain in proportion, with the poorest water in the United States, unless you go down from 25 to 50 feet. Then you can get water that is pretty good, but there is no running water. Plenty of sickness here, but chills and fever, but there is as much typhoid fever here as anywhere, and all other kinds of sickness. Anyone thinking of coming here should come and stay six months, and not buy in advance as I did, and at the end of the six months he will be glad to go back, if he can, and stay in Pennsylvania.

Yours, very respectfully,

P. M. WOLFSLAGLE.

NEW DEAL OF COUNTY OFFICERS.—In accordance with the provisions of the New Constitution, the county officers elected last November were duly inducted into office last Monday, at 2 o'clock p. m. For this purpose a special session of Court was held, with Associates Flanagan and Thomas present. Deputy Prothonotary Hasson administered the oaths or affirmations.

John G. Lake, Esq., was first sworn as Register of Wills, Recorder, of Deeds, and Clerk of the Orphans' Court. He displaces James M. Singer, who filled the position two successive terms, or six years. The new fee bill goes into effect with Mr. Lake's installation, which considerably diminishes the emoluments of the office.

Dr. Andrew Yeagley was next sworn as Treasurer. Nicholas J. Friedhoff is the retiring official. Dr. Yeagley resides in Johnstown, but will be required by the demands of his office to either remove to Ebensburg, or entrust the business of handling the public funds to a deputy. It is understood that the latter alternative will probably be resorted to, but the name of the lucky man who will be the appointee has not transpired.

The new board of County Commissioners, John Campbell, of Conemaugh Borough, George Gurley, of Ebensburg, and Samuel W. Davis, of Ebensburg, were qualified. Mr. Campbell was re-elected last fall, and is therefore by courtesy President of the board. The retiring Commissioners are Josue D. Parrish, of Ebensburg, and Rees S. Lloyd, of Cambria township. The Board made choice of the following subordinate officers: Clerk, Edward R. Dunnegan, of St. Augustine, in place of John A. Kennedy; counsel, A. V. Barker, Esq., of Ebensburg, in place of Wm. H. Sechler, Esq.,

Messrs. Philip D. Skelly, of Portage township; Patrick Dillon, of Elder township, and G. B. Stineman, of South Fork, were sworn as Auditors. Impassable roads delayed the arrival of Mr. Dillon till after the adjournment of the session of Court, but the requisite qualification was subsequently administered by the Judges.

Mr. McConnell, County Surveyor elect, had failed to lift his commission, and consequently was not sworn. The ceremony will likely be performed at the special session of Court in February.

THE COLD SNAP.—Last week will be long remembered as the coldest weather experienced in this latitude within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The mercury reached so low a point as 20 degrees below zero, while at no time for several days did it go much above zero. Accompanying the cold were oceans of blasts which lashed the snow into fury and piled it up in drifts mountain high. The roads leading in every direction hence were blockaded, and from Thursday night till the following Sunday, Ebensburg was practically cut off from the outer world. A Teachers' Institute in session here throughout the week adjourned finally on Friday, but the members waited a couple of days before the elements calmed down sufficiently to enable them to adventure homeward, while even the coal-man, whose heart goes up as the thermometer goes down, was unable to make his accustomed rounds. As to the branch railroad, which was bottled and sealed before this last storm came on, it now lanquishes under tons and tons of snow, and its opening for purposes of travel and traffic is postponed till at least next week. The storm came from the West, and was widespread, and its entire course was marked by great depression of the thermometer. Even in Virginia and other Southern States the mercury touched a point below zero. Great difficulty was experienced in keeping the Pennsylvania Railroad clear, particularly on the eastern slope of the mountain. From Altoona to Gallitzin it required the united strength of a half dozen locomotives to drag a small train at a very slow rate of speed, but through the prodigious efforts of hundreds of men armed with shovels the right of way was uninterruptedly maintained. The mails in every direction, it is needless to say, were greatly deranged, while the telegraph system was interfered with by the destruction of poles by high winds. Many instances were recorded of men perishing from the bitter cold, and cattle in transit over the railroads suffered severely. At this writing, calmer skies seem to have dawned on us, and we are glad of it. We have all had enough of the other sort of weather.

—Schuyler Colfax lectured in Altoona last Friday, and to the eternal credit of the people of that city it is said that but a mere handful could be induced to go and listen to him.

THE TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.—We resume our report of the Institute proceedings at the point where they closed in last week's FREEMAN:

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

After music by Prof. Barker's band of choristers, Prof. M'Kay finished his talks on Physiology. Professor Cramer spoke on Pronunciation, and the metric system and weights and measures was explained and illustrated by J. E. Strayer, while Prof. Marsden added some words on Penmanship.

"Does Common School Education unfit our Youth for Manual Labor as Beneath their Aspirations?" This topic was discussed by Messrs. Wakefield, Marsden, Strayer, Parrish and Farabaugh.

The following persons were elected members of the Committee on Permanent Certificates: Misses Brookbank and McCague, and Messrs. Geo. W. Marsden, F. A. Lyte and T. Middlekauff.

The Committee on Resolutions reported as follows:

Resolved, That the subject of Language Lessons should receive due and proper attention in the part of teachers of the ungraded and primary schools.

Resolved, That many of the facts of the Natural Sciences should be taught in the way of object lessons.

Resolved, That more rigid methods of instruction should be adopted by teachers, and that greater attention be given to the elements of Reading, Penmanship, and all other branches of study.

Resolved, That we tender our thanks to Prof. Cramer, of Lewisburg, and Profs. Young and M'Kay, and Miss Ells of the Indiana State Normal School, for their excellent services rendered in making this Institute a success.

Resolved, That we return our thanks to the proprietors of the hotels for liberality shown for the interest they took in our Institute, thus proving that they are on the side of popular education.

Resolved, That we approve the policy of doing a proper share of the work of the Institute ourselves.

Resolved, That we regret that so many of our fellow teachers do not feel sufficient interest in their work to attend the County Institute.

EVENING SESSION.

Miss Lizzie Hughes recited "Revolutionary Rising," and was followed by Prof. Cramer, who in an elaborate lecture on "What to Read." drew out many valuable suggestions as to the character of the books that ought to be read by teachers.

After witnessing some interesting chemical experiments made by Prof. M'Kay, the Institute adjourned.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Mr. Lavers talked on Drawing, and Prof. M'Kay on Ventilation, and Mr. Marsden read a paper on "Manners."

A number of impromptu addresses, among them one by Chaplain Davis, were delivered, and, after music, the Institute adjourned *sine die* at noon.

Owing to the snow blockade, the major part of the teachers were detained here till Sunday. On that day a volunteer force went hence and broke the turnpike road to Cresson, this affording those who lived along the line of the P. R. R. a means of reaching their homes. The subjoined preamble and resolutions, having a bearing on these episodes, were adopted:

WHEREAS, We, forty-four of the teachers of Cambria County, have been detained in Ebensburg on account of the intensely cold weather; and,

WHEREAS, We desire the community to know of the many kindnesses with which we were treated; therefore,

Resolved, That we tender our heartiest thanks to the good people of Ebensburg for their kind hospitality.

Resolved, That we express our gratitude and thanks to the noble men who labored so assiduously to open the way for our safe conduct to Cresson.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the county papers.

(Signed,)

TEACHERS OF SOUTHERN CAMBRIA.

The *Tribune* chronicles the safe return of the teachers of that place, and adds:

"They were all in high spirits, and we doubt if a single one of them sincerely regretted having been 'snowed up.' They say they cannot but highly praise the courteous attention extended them by the citizens of Ebensburg in general, and certain young people of the town in particular. They danced night and day, and passed away the time right merrily. A traveling negro band from Lancaster was secured, and each night they tripped the light fantastic toe to its thrilling and fiddling until 1 and 2 o'clock. They will never forget their pleasant 'siege.' All's well that ends well, and their short imprisonment could not have terminated more happily."

Use Dr. Van Dyke's Sulphur Soap.

Makes the skin beautifully white and healthy; removes dandruff, chafing, prickly heat, sores eruptions, burning, stinging and itching of the skin and scalp. A sulphur bath with it is highly recommended. Always ask for it by its full name. [6-22-6m.]

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, I will offer at public sale on the premises, on

SATURDAY, FEB'Y 1st, 1879,

Commencing at 2 o'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

A PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situated in Clearfield township, in said county of Cambria, bounded on the west by land of John Nagle, jr., and P. B. Kerin, on the north by land of John Sharan on the east by land of Philip Cooper, and on the south by land of Wm. Mullen, containing 135 Acres, more or less, having thereon erected a two story FRAME HOUSE, A BANK BARN, 40 by 60, all in good order, and all the necessary outbuilding. The land is all cleared and in a good state of cultivation.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of the sale, the remainder in two equal annual payments with interest, to be secured by the [illegible] of the purchaser.

JOHN [illegible]

Assignee of Peter A. and W. [illegible]

Jan. 3, 1879-3t.

TRADE MARK. 'VIBRATOR' Reg. March 11, 1873.

THE ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE "Vibrator" Threshers,

WITH IMPROVED

MOUNTED HORSE POWERS,

And Steam Thresher Engines,

Made only by

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.,

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

THE Matchless Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, and Money-Making Combination of this Separator and Stacker, and all Rivalry for Rapid Work, Perfect Cleaning, and for Saving Grain from Wastage.

GRAIN Raisers will not Submit to the enormous wastage of Grain & Loss in other work done by other machines, when these powerful Machines make the difference.

THE ENTIRE Threshing Expenses and often 2 to 3 Times the Value of Grain Saved by the Extra Grain SAVED by these Improved Machines.

NO Revolving Shafts Inside the Separator. Entirely free from Beaters, Pickers, Rackers, and all such time-wasting and grain-wasting complications. Perfectly adapted to all Kinds and Conditions of Grain, Wet or Dry, Long or Short, Headed or Bound.

NOT only Vastly Superior for Wheat, Oats, Barley, Rye, and like Grains, but the ONLY Successful Threshers in Flax, Timothy, Millet, Clover, and like Seeds. Requires no "attachments" or "modifiers" to change from Grain to Seeds.

MARVELOUS for Simplicity of Parts, using less than one-half the usual Belts and Gears. Making no Unnecessary Gearings.

FOUR Sizes of Separators Made; ranging from Six to Twelve Horse size, and two styles of Mounted Horse Powers to match.

STEAM Power Threshers a Specialty. A special size separator made expressly for Steam Power.

OUR Unrivaled Steam Thresher Engine, with Valuable Improvements and Distinctive Features, far beyond any other make or kind.

IN Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Finish, Perfection of Parts, Completeness of Outfit, etc., our "Vibrator" Thresher Outfits are Incomparable.

FOR Particulars, call on our Dealers or write to us for Illustrated Circular, which we mail free.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria County to report distribution of the funds in the hands of A. Craver, administrator of John Baum, dec'd, will sit at his office in Ebensburg on FRIDAY, JANUARY 31ST, 1879 at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment, where all interested may attend or be debarred from coming in on said fund. T. W. DICK, Auditor.

Jan. 1, 1879 3t.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [8-7.-78]

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE

(P. C. & ST. L. R'Y.)

THE DIRECT AND MOST

COMFORTABLE AND EXPEDITIOUS ROUTE

TO ALL POINTS IN THE

WEST, SOUTH and SOUTHWEST.

Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked TO ALL PRINCIPAL POINTS.

Our Rates are the Lowest.

OUR ACCOMMODATIONS UNSURPASSED.

Our Trains Connect in UNION DEPOTS

With all the great Western Trunk Lines.

NO DELAYS! NO LONG TRANSFERS!

WE RUN NO EMIGRANT TRAINS.

All Classes of Passengers are Forwarded on Regular EXPRESS TRAINS, and go through WITHOUT DETENTION.

FROM THOSE SEEKING

Homes in the WEST

We invite correspondence, and endeavor to give trustworthy information. When necessary, our Traveling Agents will meet parties and be prepared to give satisfactory rates for transportation of passengers, household goods, live stock, etc.

Following is the time of Daily Express Trains via "Pan-Handle Route":

Leave Pittsburgh	8 42 a. m.	11 47 p. m.
Arrive St. Louis	7.30 a. m.	9 30 p. m.
" Kansas City	5.15 p. m.	10 00 a. m.

Connection is made in Union Depot, Kansas City, for all points in Kansas and Colorado. Two hundred pounds of baggage are checked free for colonists.

☞ If unable to procure tickets by the PAN-HANDLE ROUTE at nearest railroad station, Passengers should call on Agents at Union Depot, or at 78 Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., and call for tickets via "PAN HANDLE ROUTE," by which line Omnibus Transfers are avoided. For Maps of Western Lands, Circulars, Pamphlets, &c., address W. L. O'BRIEN, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Columbus, Ohio. [12 20-6m.]

Real Estate for Sale.

THE panic compels me to sell the following real estate far below its value. Good title guaranteed in all cases.

1. The HALF LOT OF GROUND and BUILDING in Ebensburg now occupied as the "FREEMAN" printing office.

2. The GILLIN FARM in Blacklick township, containing over 100 ACRES, about 75 Acres of which are cleared, with a good Stone House, Bank Barn and an excellent Orchard of choice fruit on the premises.

3. SIXTY ACRES OF LAND in Montgomery township, Indiana county, nearly all cleared. There is an excellent Frame Dwelling, a new Bank Barn and a fine Orchard on the premises.

4. A TRACT OF 441 ACRES OF LAND within a mile of the Pa. R. R., in Portage township, about 125 Acres of which are cleared, the balance being well timbered and abounding in bituminous coal.

5. A TRACT OF 400 ACRES situated three miles west of Ebensburg; mostly unimproved. Will be sold in quantities to suit purchasers.

6. A FARM containing 125 ACRES, situated in Barr township, 75 Acres cleared, having thereon a Frame House, Bank Barn and an excellent Orchard. ☞ This is a very desirable farm in every respect.

7. A LOT OF GROUND in the West ward of Ebensburg borough, fronting on Julian street, with a two story Frame House and a good Stable thereon erected. Now in the occupancy of Geo. W. Oatman, Esq.

8. A FARM in Barr

IS PORK WHOLESOME?

The Germantown *Telegraph* breaks out into the following rhapsody in praise of its favorite meat, which will, no doubt, be appreciated by many:

We find a question raised as to the wholesomeness of pork, some parties declaiming against it as an article of food, &c. What a piece of folly it is at this late day to raise such an issue. Pork eaters, comprised of about nine-tenths of the civilized population of the world, will scout at such nonsense. For all persons of active habits pork is just as wholesome as anything else and far more sustaining. It is true that if too much is eaten at a time—in other words, if people will make "hogs" o' themselves—they will have to suffer for it as for an over-meal of other "fodder." To discard our pork would be to discard one of the main items going into our "vital statistics." What become of the army and navy, of our merchant marine, of, in a word, the great mass of our population, if pork were to be thrown overboard? The idea is supremely absurd—the fact would be just cause for a sumptuary revolution. No! go on, ye pork eaters, among whom we number ourselves, with a craving stomach; boil or broil your hams, pickle your sides, cabbage and crout your chines, souse your pigs' feet, and enjoy yourself upon swine's meat to your heart's and pocket's content. Fling not dirt at the grave, patient, thankful grunter, who anticipates his fate with a pleasure he cannot express in words, but which he squeals to meet with the best possible grace. He may not laugh, it is true, but he grows fat without laughing, so much the more to his own credit and profit of his friend who liberally bestows upon him the wherewithal to fare sumptuously every day.

We shall stand by the hog. He is the patron of man. If he is generously treated it is because he is expected to return the compliment four-fold. If he is lazy it is because we give him nothing to do but eat, grunt and—and having in view not the garish, was animal a tithe as much use, and A. J. an fallinot reciprocal at *protem* of kindness.

Pork unwholesome! In House ter. cumber- cept a lean, cadaverous ate for- ped, who is obliged to live ously on account of early diss tion, on Graham bread and weak tea, would be guilty of such a slander!

INDIAN PRINCES' GEMS.—The ian princes and nobles are greedy of diamonds beyond all people, and there is, but one country in the world in which the product of nature is held more precious than this wonderful combustible gem whose nature, indeed, we know, but whose genesis is still a mystery for science. That country is Burmah, the land of the white elephant, where the finest rubies shelter in the earth's breast are found, and are worn above all wonders. As the king of Burmah prizes his cats, so the king of Burmah prizes the rubies of his country, jealously prohibiting the export of them, so that the beautiful aluminous stones—which do but glow with a clearer and richer color when they are exposed to fire in which the diamond would be consumed, and disappear—can only be procured by stealth or favor of private individuals. No European has ever been permitted to see the king's wonderful ruby, "the size of a pigeon's egg, and of extraordinary quality;" and the sale of the two magnificent rubies which were brought to England in 1875—the finest ever known in Europe—caused such excitement that a military guard had to escort the persons conveying the package to the ship. Five days' journey south east of Ava lies the home of the blood red gems, the jealous earth in which the people believe that they ripen, becoming from their original colorlessness yellow, green, blue, and, last of all, the matchless ruby red. Next to these rank the rubies which are found in the Tartar wilds of Badakshan, and which the people there believe are always found in pairs. When a native discovers one, he frequently hides it until its mate is found.

A CHEAP lot of manure may be made of an old carcass of a horse or cow, etc., which are often drawn away to the woods to pollute the atmosphere. Do not do this, but put down four or five loads of muck or sod, roll the carcass on it and sprinkle it over with quicklime, covering over immediately with sod or mold sufficient to make with that already beneath, twenty good sized wagon loads, and you will have $25 worth of the best of fertilizers in less than a year, and no fears need be felt in applying to any crop. One beauty of this plan is the animals need not be moved far away, there being not the least stench. All animals which you are unfortunate enough to lose can be utilized in this way, and be made to go a great ways toward replacing them. Smaller animals, such as sheep, calves, dogs, and cats can be treated in the same manner with about the average amount of sod or muck proportionate to their size—When possible, place three or four in one pile, as the labor of covering would be proportionately less; but it is not much work to make a heap of any animal, however small or large.

THE theory that very small organisms, either vegetable or animal, are the cause of all infectious diseases is very generally accepted at the present day. It passes as established and almost mathematically proven, because this theory alone is able to explain for us a serious of phenomena that would otherwise be totally inexplicable. Hence the *alpha* and *omega* of all precautions directed against infectious diseases and epidemics consists in combating and destroying these organisms.

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